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MORAL QUALITIES IN WAR.

The die is cast! Europe is appealing to the arbitrament of the sword. The coming days are big with the destinies alike of Britain and the Continent. It seems opportune, therefore, to let our thoughts dwell on certain things which study cannot teach and money cannot buy, but upon which victory nevertheless largely depends.

The importance of moral qualities for success in war can scarcely be overestimated. Napoleon, by comparison with material factors, put it at three to one. Since his day their relative value may be said to have increased. The times when serried masses—or even supple columns and shoulder-to-shoulder lines—moved right up to a hostile position are past and gone. Then, an advance through a comparatively shallow zone of fire with comrades close at hand was succeeded by a bayonet attack, or by a retrograde movement which soon brought immunity from hostile weapons. Two-day battles were rare: many encounters celebrated in history lasted a few hours or less. The long periods of rest and freedom from danger which intervened between battles served to restore shattered nerves and weary frames. But of present-day warfare the distinguishing feature is its intensity. Long marches, irrespective of weather and season, will frequently mark the opening stages of a campaign; incessant vigilance is needed from the moment war is declared; constant is the risk of sudden destruction (which in these latest days may come even from the sky above); chilly bivouacs must often be the substitute for snug winter quarters of pre-Napoleonic days; battles last for days, and even weeks; and whilst they endure scarcely a spot for some miles from the enemy is safe from shot and shell; moreover, experiments prove that the very latest pro-

jectiles in use cause wounds more terrible than any previous weapons have done. What a strain on nerves overtaxed already in many cases by our modern high-pressure existence! What a test for bodies accustomed to the comforts of latter-day civilisation!

Under such conditions marksmen may achieve no more than the most erratic shots; the smartest corps may quickly degenerate into a rabble; the easiest tasks will often appear impossible. An army can weather trials such as those just depicted only if it be, collectively considered, in that healthy state of mind which the term "*moral*" implies. Now, since each whole is but the sum of many parts, we must see to it that every individual fighter has this priceless asset nurtured within him.

And if the moral factor is amongst the important in war, it is also the most undiscoverable in time of peace. Scarcely a secret in a nation's *technique* or organisation remains hidden to-day from the prying eyes of foreign inquirers. There is a remarkable likeness amongst the armies of the great military Powers of our time, all of which approach to the standard of "Nations in Arms." On nearly all questions their instructional manuals and ours preach very similar doctrines. It is upon these regulations and text-books that the uninitiated base their prophecies and pass their judgments on a campaign, forgetful of the *rôle* which the human element plays in war. Even those belonging to the fighting services frequently disregard this human factor in calculations made during times of peace, when theory and precedent rule the day, and stress and unforeseen emergencies are rarely encountered.

Up to now the development of moral qualities has received less attention in our forces than amongst those of other Powers. To take but one instance: we have undoubtedly been unduly neglectful where the development of martial enthusiasm is concerned.

Nowadays, as formerly, commemorations of great national events, or in honour of fallen warriors, are frequent on the Continent. They are marked by much pomp and eloquence. Alongside bemedalled veterans stand the scholars of the place. The younger generation—whose attendance is always ensured—thus imbibe impressions which are not lost when they themselves shoulder the rifle. These things are practically unknown amongst us. Except for the decoration of Nelson's monument, what steps do we take to remind our people of historic struggles? Movements in Great Britain, like those of which the Boy Scout one is the best type, have from their origin been carefully dissociated from all idea of war and national defence. Were it otherwise, fierce denunciations of jingoism, militarism, &c., would soon have rung through the land.

The Russo-Japanese War—which brought into sudden

relief a marvellous system of national moral education—awakened all the world, ourselves included, to its importance. Since then we have somewhat timidly commenced to tread along a path strange, unaccustomed, and rendered difficult by the fact that—owing to our system of education—young Britons as a class do not at the outset form a receptive soil for this good seed. Ay, to the teachers themselves the theme is often unfamiliar!

To those who are charged with the development of moral qualities the study of past campaigns is of great assistance. Nor should it be limited to recent wars, as is generally the case with investigations concerning technical and tactical problems. Reference to medieval and even ancient conflicts furnishes many valuable examples to him who would to-day draw the attention of our soldiers and citizens to the magnificent exploits which men have achieved when fighting in pursuit of noble ideals, with the help of wise counsel and leading, and by the exercise of self-abnegation, endurance, and courage.

Let us take a few historical illustrations. Ten years ago the diplomatic representations were proceeding which led to the mighty struggle between Russia and Japan. How great were the resources in men and money of which the former Power disposed compared to those which her rival possessed. Was not the difference in prestige greater still? At the beginning of hostilities the fleets in the theatre of war were practically equal. In the chief encounters on land Russia actually outnumbered her enemy. Nevertheless she was worsted in every action. Why? The Island Empire was smarting under the rebuffs of 1895 and 1898, when Port Arthur—conquered by Japanese arms—had to be relinquished, only to be subsequently seized by Russia, one of the trio which ousted Japan by means of diplomatic pressure. Again, Japan felt that the establishment of a great naval power there and in Korea would encircle her Empire with a rope, so to speak, which was bound to throttle it in the near future.

The world knows the outcome of that war. But does it understand the force and main-spring of the feeling which animated alike warrior, citizen, woman, and child in those days when the Rising Sun shone so brightly?

To those who would fathom these things the writer would commend a book, 'Human Bullets,'[1] written by a young officer who was wounded before Port Arthur, and which has been translated into several languages.

What do we read there? The regiment marches out: the author's former schoolmaster rushes towards him as he passes, seizes his hand, and

[1] 'Human Bullets.' By Lieut. Tadayoshi Sakurai. English translation published by Constable, 1907.

bids him acquit himself bravely. Old men bestow similar monitions on their young relatives and acquaintances in the ranks. A soldier declared unfit to take the field attempts suicide in his despair.

Residents in Japan at the time tell of several similar cases to his. But if the enthusiasm of the rank and file sometimes approached to frenzy, their leaders and the nation generally, whilst striving with might and main in the same cause, performed with calmness and yet with zeal the most distasteful and inglorious duties. Their attitude reflected the poet's words—

> "They also serve who only stand and wait."

And what on the other side? We hear of men expressing their relief at being taken prisoners: of others who cheered when in their captivity they heard of the peace which sealed their country's discomfiture. This is no reflection on the gallant soldiers of the Tsar, to whose brave deeds in distant Manchuria numerous witnesses testify. Many of them scarcely understood what the cause was for which they had to leave their homes and risk their lives. What they did in 1812 they would doubtless do again, if the circumstances recurred which characterised that great drama.

If we turn to our own history at the period of the Great Mutiny, we see many doughty leaders springing to fame in a few weeks. What prodigies of endurance and valour did tiny forces perform! Each man was alive to the seriousness of the crisis. Such men could not be daunted by fiery sun, waterless country, or foes many times their numbers. The absence of such feelings has, on the other hand, adversely influenced the outcome of fighting in the case of many struggles, including some when numbers and armament have been on a nation's side.

Last year Prussia celebrated the centenary of the rising which delivered her from Napoleon's overlordship. In a leading article, "The War of Liberation," 'The Times' (April 28) says—

> "The rising of the Prussian people at the call of their King is one of the great events of all history. Its memory remains, and ever will remain, . . . an everlasting source of the pride and strength that make a nation. It was in the truest and the most literal sense the rising of a whole people against oppression, . . . of a people who had drained to the dregs the cup of humiliation and suffering. It was no insurrection, it was the rally of a people in arms. . . .
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> "The utter collapse of the army . . . after Jena . . . is only less astonishing than the rapid revival."

Jena, and its disgraceful aftermath, was dated 1806.

Seven years later, despite the loss of an army in Russia and the drain of the Peninsula, Napoleon's was still the most formidable military power in Europe.

The Prussian armies which faced him in the spring of 1813 were to a large extent of the militia type, with a strong admixture of guerillas participating in the operations.

The first great battles were French successes, albeit Pyrrhic victories; nor was the tide of victory unchecked later on. But nothing could quell the fighting spirit of this regenerated army. After Bautzen, the Katzbach! After Dresden, Leipzig! After the repulses early in 1814, the triumphant entry into Paris! Whence this wonderful transformation. In 'The Times' of September 9, 1913, we read the following:—

"The statue of General Count Bülow von Dennewitz was unveiled yesterday at the village of Dennewitz, in the Mark of Brandenburg. The statue commemorates the great struggle on September 6, 1813, between General von Bülow and 40,000 Prussians, and 60,000 French led by Ney and Oudinot.

"Prince Bülow (Ex-Chancellor) . . . delivered an impressive speech. . . . He gave a vivid description of the battle in which his own ancestor and the ancestors of many of his listeners had won fame. . . . Prince Bülow said that the cause of Prussia's success in 1813 was her subordination of the interests of the individual to those of the whole. . . ."

In 1630 Germany had been groaning for twelve years under the sufferings caused by the Thirty Years' War, which —like all religious struggles— was characterised by great ruthlessness and barbarity. Everywhere the Protestant cause had suffered defeat at the hands of the Emperor's war-tried generals, Tilly, Pappenheim, and Wallenstein. But in that year there landed on German soil a Swedish army, small but efficient, burning with a desire to assist sorely tried co-religionists, and led by Gustavus Adolphus, their King, a skilful commander, and one who, despite certain failings, was animated by pure and lofty motives. His men—fired by his presence and imbued with his fervour—immediately turned the tide; and victory followed victory until he fell on the field of glory some eighteen months later. Before another two years had elapsed internecine quarrels and unworthy greed had sapped the strength of the erstwhile conquerors, who in their turn suffered a crushing defeat.

We have seen within the last two years what is almost a replica of the preceding. In October 1912 Bulgaria, united in purpose to deliver certain territories from Turkish rule, struck swiftly and successfully. Then followed an armistice, marked by contemptible haggling, and rapid deterioration in the army's fighting qualities. Finally, we see this army somewhat out of control, and the leaders of the State lending themselves to a policy of greed and treachery. An internecine struggle between former allies, begun in July 1913 by Bulgaria herself, deprived that nation of much that was won when a healthier moral condition pervaded camps and council-chamber.

We have already portrayed the conditions of modern war which call for the highest moral qualities. We have culled a few examples from history's abundant storehouse to illustrate the results which superior moral qualities have achieved at various times.

Our next step must be to examine the several qualities which helped to gain triumphs, to some of which we have so briefly alluded; and to devise means whereby those qualities may be developed in the course of everyday training.

The title of this paper may appear at first sight to limit the application of these means to serving officers and soldiers. The writer cannot think that any such limitation is intended. Many of us who are not soldiers come into contact with members of the Officers' Training Corps and with quasi-military organisations intended especially for the young. They have special opportunities! By utilising these they can so prepare the ground that the seed sown later will bear more perfect fruit.

The character of even the youngest subaltern or recruit has already been moulded to some extent when he joins the colours; moreover certain virtues esteemed in ordinary life are just as necessary in war as the purely "military" ones; and the former are as easily taught in home, school, or workshop as in barracks or in the field.

A study of the past shows that the following have always largely contributed towards the success of a people in war, even when handicapped by inferior numbers, weapons and resources, and by lack of war-like experience:—

A belief in the necessity and justice of the struggle, and unanimity amongst the leading personages of the nation.

A determination to shake or ward off a foreign yoke, to terminate injustice or misrule, to rescue from oppression friendly or kindred nations.

The memory of past wrongs or defeats.

Physical fitness of a nation's manhood, and a simple standard of living amongst all classes.

Absence of materialism amongst the nation at large.

Stern and impartial discipline within the fighting services.

A spirit of *camaraderie* amongst officers.

Esprit de corps.

A strict sense of duty.

Satisfactory relations between officers and men.

Readiness to accept responsibility amongst leaders of every grade.

The spirit of the offensive.

Appreciation of the soldier's death.

It may perhaps be said that the three first-named factors are unaffected by any form of military training, being dependent mainly upon political conditions and national feelings which cannot suddenly be created, although perhaps controlled to a certain degree by statecraft. This is to some extent true. But like children in a family, the electors of a nation are necessarily incapable of appreciating many considerations which guide those at the helm. Colonel Cordonnier, in his book, 'The

Japanese in Manchuria,'[1] says of war: "Everywhere public opinion clamours for results, and refuses money. It is the Government's business to impose the sacrifice." Yes! and the sacrifice demanded for war must include personal service too, which is often grudgingly given or withheld. This is where those who instruct our soldiers, present and future, can play a part.

If compliance with the Government's demands is to be full and willing, the nation's youth must be imbued with sentiments of duty rather than with instincts for extorting "rights." Some of our countrymen have of recent years been able to listen to the instruction given to children in the Elementary State Schools of Japan. There they constantly heard dissertations couched in the following vein:—

"Your parents tended you in your earliest youth; they feed, clothe, and house you. How great is the debt of dutifulness due to them: *But parents and children, all alike receive from the Emperor protection and just laws. They must therefore be ready at all times to serve him with might and main even unto death.*"

These exhortations would be followed by historical examples illustrating the wretched plight into which various countries have fallen as the result of neglecting to prepare for war, and of despising military qualities and activities. As a contrast to such the teachers then pointed to Japan, the Great Rising Sun, recently admitted to a place amongst the world's Powers owing to the prowess in arms displayed by her sons. So much for the seed as sown in Japan: Liaoyang and Mukden were its first-fruits!

A somewhat different "setting" to the foregoing would be required for British listeners; but if like precepts were unceasingly impressed upon young people in our country they would create a powerful counterpoise to the disruptive and egotistical tendencies which are abroad amongst us.

Dull and soulless indeed must he be whose feelings are not stirred by the recital of great sacrifices followed by great victories: who hearing of them will not say to himself that he too will risk person and property should the hour of peril demand it. By such means a spirit will gradually be diffused throughout a nation which will ensure a glad response to the call for service, however arduous and full of danger that service may be: a spirit which counts a country's honour far above all material gain or individual advantage.

The standard of individual wealth amongst all civilised nations has increased greatly during the past quarter of a century. Despite heavier taxation, all classes, excepting only the "submerged" fraction, have more to spend on pleasure. What have been the results? One is an enhanced standard of luxury which

[1] 'The Japanese in Manchuria.' Vol. i. By Colonel E. L. V. Cordonnier, French Army. Translated by Captain C. F. Atkinson.

bodes ill for the fighting quality of the army. Luxurious living and soldierly efficiency are two wholly incompatible things. The armies which have achieved great things in war are those whose ranks have been mainly filled by hardy folk bred to an outdoor life, and for whom conflict with the enemy has merely been a different phase of the stern struggle for daily bread.

Look round the world to-day and hear the opinions of competent judges regarding its armies. Are the best paid accounted the most formidable, man for man? Do not let us pamper and corrupt the soldier by putting into his hands money that will in many cases be uselessly, if not actually ill spent.

In connection with this question may be considered the advisability of demanding great exertions from troops in the course of peace training.

The Japanese undertake many exercises—*e.g.*, marching and bivouacking in deep snow or burning sun, primarily with the object of inuring their troops to hardships. They make a special point of not cancelling or postponing field operations on account of bad weather. A perusal of reports on their autumn manœuvres will show the tremendous demands made upon all ranks.

A well-known German general said in 1910 to a British officer who was attending manœuvres: "We aim at subjecting our men in the course of each day's work to exertions corresponding to those which they would have to undergo during a long and hard day's fighting."

The practice of French troops, on the Eastern frontier at any rate, speaks more eloquently in this respect than any words could do.

There are some amongst us who say, "Why practise discomfort?" Others adduce recruiting considerations in a voluntary army as an argument against undue demands in this respect. After some reflection the writer has come to range himself on the side of those who declare such demands to be essential for the maintenance of warlike efficiency. Since the days when St Paul bade Timothy "endure hardness as a good soldier," things have not altered in this respect. Exertion and efficiency march hand in hand. It is during such hard days and weary nights that soldiers can show the "spirit that is within them." Experiences of this kind are especially necessary for Second Line troops, who may otherwise be hurled all unprepared from an atmosphere of ceremonial and picnicking into the midst of war's grim realities. The short period of continuous training is no doubt a factor to be considered in their case; but it should be impressed on every combatant soldier, whether of the First or Second Line, that without a certain standard of physical "fitness" he is inefficient, no matter what accomplishments he may possess.

We have said already that the first step in a man's moral training must be the develop-

ment of patriotism and pride in the soldier's calling, evolved by stories of what the past has seen and the future may require. If this foundation-stone has been well and truly laid, educated and sensible men will easily understand the reason for the hard work and discomfort that must sometimes fall to their share whilst soldiering, and will resent it only when it is obviously due to neglect and mismanagement.

An impression — produced largely by works of fiction—is prevalent, not only amongst civilians but amongst the younger members of the army, that war may certainly spell acute danger: they know that its issue may be death or wounds on the one hand; but they dream of a safe return, coupled with glory and rewards, on the other.

What are the facts in the majority of cases? Constant and unremitting toil, deadly monotony, privations, and overexertion, which bring in their turn a terrible lassitude, if not disease, or at any rate the seeds thereof. In most cases there will be no recognition. If all be rewarded wherein lies the reward?

Even where combatant branches are concerned there are usually fifty days of marching to one of fighting; or, more trying still than any march, long sojourns in sodden and germ-infected camps. Men may never see a shot fired and yet spend months under these conditions. Compared to such what are the hardest manœuvres or longest field-days! Those who grumble and repine at the comparatively mild exertions of peace soldiering are scarcely likely to encourage comrades or subordinates by their demeanour when faced by conditions such as those just portrayed. This brings us to certain questions germane to the subject, which apply principally to officers.

Their case differs in various respects from that of the rank and file. Generally speaking they come from homes where a higher standard of comfort exists, and they therefore feel the changed conditions more. On the other hand, it is especially essential that they should at all times maintain their cheerfulness and energy. As the late Lord Wolseley has said in his 'Soldier's Pocket Book,' if grumbling be not checked amongst officers it will spread to a most serious extent amongst the lower ranks. Again, an officer has to exert his brains in war time under the most adverse physical conditions. All who have worked hard with both body and brain know that the latter tires first under stress and privations. Yet even a junior officer may at the conclusion of a long march have to select positions on outposts, site trenches, or decide on the nature of defences to be erected round a post. All this whilst sharing with his men—who have practically nothing to think about—the inevitable discomforts of life before the enemy.

The idle and luxurious tendencies to which allusion has

been made are but the expression of certain unworthy ideals and wrong views which to-day pervade so many civilised peoples, our own included.

It is something to combat the tendencies when displayed; better still would it be if we could expel the causes which give birth to them, although this may appear well-nigh hopeless in view of the dimensions which the cult of Mammon has assumed. The materialism which is so rampant amongst us to-day manifests itself in various ways. It inspires many of the diatribes against war and warriors; it nourishes many of the fallacies concerning the existing condition of the political world which have found adherence amongst a numerous class, especially in Great Britain.

Thus a well-known latter-day writer bases his arguments against war mainly on certain economic factors. He holds up to envy the condition of some minor Powers who enjoy a certain prosperity under the ægis of greater nations who bear heavier financial burdens.

Competent critics have traversed this author's statements even from the purely financial standpoint. It does not concern the subject of this essay, the writer of which looks at the matter from a different point of view. He has journeyed in many lands, and has been deeply impressed by the manifold advantages (some of them certainly not to be measured in currency values!) which accrue to travellers abroad who are citizens of a great country, — great by reason of its past performances in war, and its present-day preparations for the same. Without the last-named, no country can be great; for it is the power to strike instantly and hard that compels attention and respect in the comity of nations.

We must wean our thoughts and ambitions from the mere pursuit of comfort and gain. "No one that warreth," says St Paul, "entangleth himself with the things of this life, that he may please him who has called him to be a soldier."

"When a man grows rich and marries a beautiful wife," runs a Japanese saying, "he is no longer any use as a soldier." Hyperbole this, of course, like many other such sayings, but the underlying idea is a true one. We, the men of Britain, whose duty is to fight, should worship where nobler cults than that of Mammon hold sway. Whence rays of golden light should shine forth, as it were, through the dull haze of a materialistic world.

Of all the moral qualities required for war, discipline is the most essential. There is scarcely a campaign in history which does not exemplify its supreme importance. The British Army has — with a few notable lapses — enjoyed a creditable record in this respect; and it is largely to this that some of its most brilliant performances during the past century must be ascribed. Most people when discussing

military matters pay lip-service to discipline, but will often advocate measures that strike at the very root of it.

After the South African War many things were proposed, and a few carried out, which aimed at developing the soldier's "intelligence," but which actually slackened discipline, of far greater importance for the rank and file than this same intelligence, the possession of which may even contribute to lower a man's fighting value. Ask officers of what country you please which they prefer—town boy or plough boy. There is no doubt which the great majority would choose. Some recent campaigns preach unmistakable lessons in this respect. Yet there is no doubt as to which has usually the sharper wits, the lad from the street or his fellow from the field.

It is possible to exaggerate in all matters, but in the writer's opinion our forefathers were well advised in their attention to spit and polish, their meticulous insistence on drill, and their punctilious observance of etiquette and ceremony, all things at which many—including some soldiers—scoff to-day. There have been repeated instances of troops under fire being steadied by drill exercises. Many officers—including the writer—rejoice at the revival of ceremonial drill which has been noticeable in our army just recently, feeling sure that so far from being waste of time, a moderate amount of it is a valuable preparation for the battlefield.

Countless are the disasters caused in war by jealousies, intrigues, and feuds amongst leaders. Yet despite the plainly writ lessons of the past, each campaign furnishes fresh instances of these evils. In the 'Army Review' Mr Fortescue[1] has given us numerous examples of dissensions between British naval and military commanders, and their serious results. The best preventive against this deadly plague of dissension is a carefully considered, evenly regulated, well understood system of promotion and appointments in fighting services, one whereunder conspicuous talent is brought to the front, but even so only after a reasonably long apprenticeship; one which acknowledges good work wherever performed; considers individual idiosyncrasies, and not merely paper qualifications; keeps apart jarring personalities, and shuts the door in the face of the advertiser, the sycophant, the intriguer.

One who, like the writer, has spent many happy years in a regiment, is not likely to underrate *esprit de corps;* but if this has often induced soldiers to perform valiant deeds and render faithful ser-

[1] "Joint Expeditions," by the Hon. John Fortescue, 'Army Review,' January 1913. Page 1 *et seq.*

vice in war, a strong sense of duty supplies a still more powerful incentive to the same end. A well-known military writer has said: "If only all soldiers of their own accord would simply do their duty, . . . that army would be perfectly invincible."[1]

But this very sense of duty often runs directly counter to the strongest human instincts and desires. Its cultivation implies, therefore, the subjugation of many natural tendencies. This can only be effected by a long and careful peace training, a fact which —far more than the intricacies of the military craft—explains the inferiority of militia-type forces to standing armies. Even in peace we often notice a tendency to shirk duties that are dull, offer no chance of recognition, or interfere with recreations and comfort. How much more sharply will this tendency manifest itself when hunger, thirst, drowsiness, and dejection whisper counsels of ease and negligence?

No true discipline can exist in an army where officers and their subordinates are out of sympathy with each other. Example is better than precept; and the more fully and cheerfully officers share their men's privations and exertions, the more whole-heartedly will the latter follow them.

The literature of the Russo-Japanese War is full of instruction from this point of view. We hear on incontrovertible authority of feasting and revelling among the Russian commissioned ranks on the very threshold of the battlefield, so to speak, whilst the soldiers were living on poor and insufficient rations. Equally numerous and circumstantial are the stories of officers turning their backs upon the theatre of war — when tired of it — often provided with untrue medical certificates. Can we be surprised at the listlessness displayed by the troops on some occasions, or even at the discreditable scenes of panic and disorder that marked the retreat from Mukden.

Military history proves that a lack of readiness to accept responsibility has been peculiarly productive of failure and disaster in war. And yet the ordinary peace routine in a regular force is not calculated to develop it. Great organisations, like modern standing armies, are necessarily regulated in peace by a host of rules and precedents. The very concentration which is so favourable in many respects to military training keeps subordinates in leading-strings during the years when character and habits are formed. Can we wonder that men who, in the evening of their lives and after such training, have suddenly been called upon to meet promptly and unaided great crises and novel situations, have frequently proved unequal to the ordeal.

[1] 'The Prussian Campaign of 1866. A Tactical Retrospect.' Page 24 of the English translation, by Colonel H. A. Ouvry, C.B., late 9th Lancers.

It is difficult to devise remedies for this state of affairs. Fortunately the development of our air service has enabled many of our younger military officers to turn from a life of restraint and routine to duties where nerve and self-reliance are continually tested, and where great responsibility and independence are inherent in the nature of the trade. Submarines and torpedo craft have long supplied our naval officers with similar opportunities.

The writer, who has attended foreign manœuvres on several occasions, has been struck by the fact that in one army, noted for its rigid discipline, initiative in its most extreme form is not only tolerated by the higher authorities, but that these actually show a tendency to take under their wing officers whose zeal in this respect has outrun discretion.

We must also exercise consideration in calling attention publicly at peace exercises to faults committed by individuals, and give to those whose action has been impugned ample opportunities of defending themselves. This consideration is often wanting. Scapegoats are sought for. A tendency is observable at times to "trample on" those that are "down."

Further, expressions of opinion amongst younger officers might be permitted or even encouraged, provided that the requirements of discipline and etiquette be observed. By such means "stage fright," and attempts to palm off responsibility for results, or to misrepresent occurrences, would be largely eliminated. Sensitive natures would not be deterred from action by fear of blame and ridicule; and the freer atmosphere all round would enhance the benefits gained from conferences after exercises—such valuable means of military instruction when well conducted.

When an army as a whole has assimilated the healthy "joy of responsibility" (to borrow an expressive German term[1]), which was so rare amongst the Tsar's officers in Manchuria, a universal striving to come to grips with the enemy instantly becomes apparent.

"Decisive success in battle can only be gained by a vigorous offensive." Such are the opening words of our Military Field Service Regulations, Part I. (Chapter VII.)

All our Military Training Manuals contain admonitions of a similar nature. Yet to the ordinary officer this talk about offensive savours rather of the military professor's jargon; and to the majority the enunciation of such precepts and their practical application in the course of peace training seem to be divided by a wide gulf.

After all, it is not the words of the regulations so much as the predisposition prevailing amongst officers as a body which moulds the spirit of an

[1] Verantwortungsfreudigkeit.

army. The latter takes years to transform, whereas the compilation of manuals may occupy but a few months.

A soldier must have confidence in his weapon as well as in his ability to use it. Foreign officers labour hard to inculcate this. Demonstration practices show the other arms what modern artillery can do. Military lecturers and publicists take considerable liberties with statistics in their efforts to extol their own weapons and depreciate those of other nations. Something needs to be done with us to counteract the jeremiads concerning our armament—generally the result of wrong data or deductions—which figure so largely in our less well-informed press organs. We have, for instance, a field-gun which, if not the best in the world, is greatly superior to that possessed by some Powers. No foreign rifle admits of such quick manipulation as ours. In other words, ours leads the world in potential rapidity of fire. We need only compare our regulation demands as regards this rapidity of fire with other nations in order to see where we stand. It is the intensity of fire-bursts, in other words the rapidity of fire, which (given reasonably good aiming) shakes the adversary's *moral*. Several foreign rifles have certainly a flatter trajectory than ours. An important point, but susceptible of exaggeration! Battlefields are not billiard-tables; and the weary, agitated participants in a fire fight are not the same creatures as those who lie down demurely at a firing-point on a range. Many things besides the trajectory affect accuracy of fire. Civilians are incessantly harping upon these mechanical questions: few of them grasp the power of those mighty moral factors which laugh to scorn small details of armament.

In a recently published French Parliamentary paper we read: "It is sometimes said that victory depends on armament. A great delusion!"

At Sadowa the victor had much the better rifle, but a worse gun. In 1870 the opposite was the case. In Manchuria the Japanese field-gun was greatly inferior to the Russian; between the rifles there was not much to choose. The spirit of the army conquered in all these cases.

Thus far we have considered the fighting man's life. It is but fitting that we should end up with some thoughts about his death. Of the soldier's and sailor's career it is more particularly true that "the grave is not its goal." Equally applicable to the lives of sailors and soldiers are the succeeding stanzas of the same poem—

> ". . . We can make our lives sublime,
> And, departing, leave behind us
> Footprints on the sands of Time."

The attainment of wealth and power is in the vast majority of cases an impossibility for us. As a rule, whatever our rank, we finish our careers in comparative poverty and obscurity; whereas of the companions of our early years, many, neither physically nor

intellectually our superiors, will have risen to positions of affluence, and may be far better known in the contemporary world. But to the humblest soldiers are open possibilities of immortalising their names, which their more prosperous and — for the nonce — more celebrated civilian fellows can never hope for. In the pages of our soul-stirring annals, from the walls of stately cathedrals and monuments, they being dead may yet speak words of inspiration to their descendants. When great financiers and successful politicians have either sunk into oblivion, or merely furnish a theme for obloquy to the historian, the testimony of these simple warriors' deeds will shine like a beacon to guide the steps of generations yet unborn along the path of duty towards high and noble ideals.

Sir I. Hamilton, in 'A Staff Officer's Scrap-book,' speaks of the average man as hankering after two things, food and paradise. This is true of the average man, the selfish man (and even amongst the seekers after paradise selfishness is not wanting). But the best amongst mortals have always been intent before all things upon leaving behind them a name pure and unsullied. This desire must dwell within the breast of every soldier. Our greatest poet has told us that the evil which men do lives after them. But in the soldier's case the converse is also true. An added lustre is imparted to the names of successful commanders who have fallen in the hour of victory. And as the sun at the close of a rainy tempestuous day sometimes breaks through the clouds in the western sky, to light up with its last rays a dripping storm-swept landscape, so many a misspent ignoble life has been atoned for by a soldier's death.

Whilst preparing ourselves and our fellow-fighters for this death, let us lose no occasion of honouring those who have died it. Allusion has been made in the opening pages of this essay to the tributes rendered abroad to those who have died for their country. The erection of memorials to those who died in South Africa: the movements to honour those who shed their blood in the Peninsula a century ago—all these are steps in the right direction. The need for them is all the greater since the commencement of attacks from pacificist quarters on these illustrious souls. "False heroes" they have been called by a plutocrat notorious for a succession of ungenerous and unmannerly outbursts, which have been fitly castigated in Sir I. Hamilton's preface to 'A Soldier's Song Book'; and more recently in the Continental press as the result of a tirade at the Hague, conspicuous for folly and bad taste. The speaker and his kind, who measure everything in cash values, could hardly be expected to comprehend the thoughts that appeal so eloquently to the spirit of the fighting man. But we must do what we can to counteract this debasing soulless propaganda, seed which will grow

apace in the soil of commercialism and materialism.

Japan can teach us useful lessons as regards honouring the dead in battle. Everywhere there deep veneration is shown for their memory. In many schools even there are pictures or photographs of former pupils who have fallen in battle. Uniforms and other mementoes of theirs are treasured. In military messes pictures of former members killed in action are hung round the walls, draped in covers, except on special occasions when the memory of these departed ones is ceremoniously honoured. In barrack-rooms hang pictures depicting deeds of gallantry; and a narrative accompanies each picture. Plays of a historic character, extolling brave deeds in war, are performed on holidays, and soldiers are admitted thereto free of charge.

In France, too, much is done to keep green the memory of those who have given their lives for their country. At the *Invalides* in Paris; at Sedan, Mars-la-Tour, and other battlefields; at the Military College of St Cyr we see blood-stained uniforms, articles of equipment, letters and photographs—some the property of highly placed officers, others of far lowlier comrades, all of whom died gladly when their country's cause demanded it.

To some these things may mean nothing. A few faded writings! A few rusty relics! A few blood-stained rags! Nothing? Are they not all mute witnesses before an unthinking multitude recalling the solemnity and grandeur of the soldier's death, and the immensity of the sacrifice which he has made to guard his brethren's homes and future? Does any people as a whole belittle the soldier's death? Sinister omen this of future disaster! Nations that have done great things in war have not thought thus.

Here are two stories[1] showing how the Japanese soldiers of 1904-5 regarded death in war:—

(1) "The brothers Shiroshita were called to the colours. Their mother said she regarded it as a piece of great good fortune that she had two sons who could serve their country. They were not to worry about her lot, but were to die bravely when the time came. One brother fell at Haicheng. The other burnt the remains, collected the ashes, and kept them in a small sack hung round his neck. After the next fight, in which he fought in the front line, he said to the ashes: 'Brother! To-day I could not find death. To-morrow I shall be re-united with you.'"

(2) "At Nanshan the reservist Gosaburo Sazo was killed. Before he left Tokyo he went with his wife and parents to the graves of his ancestors, and showed the relatives a new burying-place marked with his name. He said that he would not come back from the war."

This is the spirit in which soldiers must go forth to fight. Not dreaming of the home-coming, the medal, the batta. These are distant and problematical. Nearer and more probable are the enemy and the tomb.

"Few, few shall part, where many meet."

[1] Von Lignitz, 'Der Russienn Japanische Krieg,' vol. ii. p. 273.

FROM THE OUTPOSTS.

A FRONTIER INCIDENT.

Not the sort of Frontier Incident that fills columns of the front page of 'The Times,' and shakes up the Foreign Office and the War Office and the Admiralty, and deepens the normal despondency "On 'Change." It happened in a part of Africa where most of the European Powers have "interests"; and where, therefore, those European Powers, generally quite regardless of the views and pleasures of the natives, have parcelled out the land and its indigenous humans amongst themselves.

Most of this parcelling out is done in European Foreign Offices, and highly paid and honourable officials agree upon boundaries, drawing many lines upon maps. It remains then for some one to go to Africa and locate on the ground there those lines so easily drawn upon the map at Home. This takes a long time, a considerable amount of money, and not infrequently a life or two.

A Protectorate of ours and one belonging to another Power adjoin. Recently the exact boundary line had still to be fixed, but there was quite a clear understanding locally as to whereabouts it would be when fixed. I fear this is not very definite, but the boundary itself was not defined at all. A weak half company of native infantry and I represented Great Britain in an area of some thousands of square miles of pretty stiff bush and swamp and hill. The other people had a Colonel, and an army of a couple of hundred natives. My native soldiers used to say that the other fellow's native soldiers were a poor lot, and I've no doubt that his men told the Colonel the same about mine. The Colonel was senior to me in every way. For, besides being a Colonel, he was a High Commissioner and Chief Justice and Director of Public Works, and goodness knows what else in addition. A regular Pooh Bah of a fellow.

Finding a bit of a hill, with water handy, and enough of a village to house and feed a small detachment, I left a native corporal and six men there. The place was called Sansanni, and it seemed quite a good sort of place to turn into my Northern, and International, Frontier Post. So, having set up a straight stick and fastened a very small Union Flag thereto, and after giving Corporal Awudu Bukri enough instructions to equip an ambassador, I trekked off into the swamp again.

It was in the rainy season, which in those parts lasts ten months or so, and the going was awful. There were no roads, and the people seemed to have a different language

about every ten miles. Also, they were very poor and stupid, and their houses were wretched. The villages were small collections of hovels, huddled on heaps that rose a little from the everlasting swamp, verminous, and stinking, and filthy. Moreover, a carrier fell down with his load and smashed my sparklet bottle, so that I had to drink my evening peg with flat warm water: water that sunrise had found dirty and dull and smelly in a pool, that during the day had been filtered and boiled, and that night found warm and flat and of an altogether indescribable flavour, a depressing, degrading, dreadful flavour.

And lastly, the chickens of that country were the rarest birds, surely of the same stock that Mr Arthur Gride favoured when furnishing forth his wedding feast. So old were they, and so skinny, and so given to pedestrianism, that the only parts of them with any meat on at all were the legs, and they were all muscle. Chicken is the only sort of fresh meat to be had down that way, and my cook Musa almost broke his heart, and the great kitchen knife, striving to turn those horrible birds into something eatable for the Bature.

Most days it rained about ten hours in the twenty-four. We used to slip and scramble along muddy splashy paths through the bush, trampling through puddles, and every now and then having to stop for a stream. Five feet deep we could manage without much trouble. Soldiers piled arms, and the carriers put down their loads. Then odd men dribbled into the water, hunting about for the best line of crossing. Getting over took a couple of hours, often more and never less, according as a soldier slipped, or was hustled by the current into deep water, or a carrier dropped his load into the river. In such cases it was necessary to retrieve the rifle and the load, and, if possible, the late bearers of them.

If the water was too deep for walking through, there were various devices. You might get enough great gourds, and float your property and your people and yourself over on them. Or you could take the outer sheet that covered your tent and pack it with grass and so turn it into a raft and cross on that. Government, by the way, strictly forbade tents to be used in this way. Nobody that I ever met knew why, and perhaps that was the reason nobody ever paid any heed to the prohibition. In fact I first learned of the rafting possibilities of a tent through studying a circular from Headquarters that set forth the penalties that officers would incur if they misused tents in this way.

The last way of getting over was by making what used to be called a "monkey bridge." For this you had to hunt up and down the stream till you found a place where it was narrow, and where the banks were high, and where a stout

tree on the one side looked across at another stout tree on the other side. Then all your people went and cut creepers in the bush. With these a crazy, creaky ghost of a suspension bridge was rigged, depending upon the two stout trees. The part of this bridge that you walked on was made of bamboos laid side by side to the number of three or four, and tied together. Crossing by one of these contraptions, in boots and spurs, grabbing at the swaying sides of it, with nasty brown swirling water hustling along underneath, was always an experience that I disliked. One's boots slip about so on those wet bamboos.

I spent the whole of a wet Sunday rigging one of these "monkey bridges," and getting my people passed over it. They cannot go more than three on the bridge at one time; creepers are not cables. By six in the evening, that is a few minutes before dark, my escort and servants and all my gear had been safely transported. My ponies had been swum across, and one of them stood, ready saddled, waiting to take me on a couple of miles into a village where I should find a place to dry in and get food in and sleep in. Save a native orderly and myself, everybody had crossed. The last three were actually on the bridge, and we were waiting till they made the passage before starting ourselves. Just then the whole thing came away, and hung festooned like a great fishing-net across the stream, hung so for a few moments, and then dropped gently into the river. There was nothing for it. The people on the far side went on to warmth and food and dry quarters, and the orderly and I did the best we could in the wet bush till morning. No food nor drink nor bed nor clothes. Nothing but what we stood up in. He was a better-tempered man than I, that orderly. He had need to be.

I splashed about in that country for a good many weeks, and acquired a name that stuck to me for a long time—"dan kwado,"—which means a person who is not really a man at all, but a frog, and therefore does his work and travels and lives his life in swamps in the Rains. I do not know if the people round about thought I was doing it for fun. Anyway, I made a map, and got to know most of the local politics and "kings," and started administering the area. They were curious folk. Whenever I was able to engage any of the "kings" and leading citizens in talk, they always told me how glad they were that I had come to administer them. They brought me small offerings, generally chickens—but I've spoken about chickens a little higher up. They showed a readiness to enlist my aid, and that of the half company, in disputes they had running with other people. If "king" A. had a bickering on with "king" B., he was always ready to conduct me—and the half company—to his enemy's place, by night if desired, and no matter how far away it

might be. But if I sought to learn how far it was to the nearest river, nobody ever knew. Any more than any "king" could ever tell me how many towns and villages belonged to him, nor where they were.

In four months the troops were in rags, and it was still raining. To me there came one day a messenger from my friend Corporal Awudu Bukri, with great news. A white man, with a great army of soldiers, had turned up close to Sansanni, coming in from the North; he had sent a message to my people telling them to clear out of Sansanni, because the place belonged, he said, to him. Corporal Awudu Bukri had not seen the white man, but sent the message on to me, and reported that he was, himself and the six, now standing by waiting on events. Evidently my friend Pooh Bah and the two hundred. I sent off to the corporal at once, telling him on no account to give ground, and that I was coming up as fast as possible.

We did the distance in four days. I'm not going to say how far it was in miles, because, expressed in terms of miles it would look ridiculous to admit that we took four days to do it. I remember very well indeed our arrival at Sansanni. For one thing, it was a fine day. The sun was shining, and it didn't rain once all day. Corporal Awudu Bukri and the six and the flag were still there, all upstanding. The men were formed just to the right of the flagstaff, and presented arms as we crawled in. It was a fine sight to see my ragged, footsore half company coming to attention, and going past that flag and its guard with heads up and arms swinging and no end of a thrusting swagger. And the beggars were just about done by then too.

Awudu Bukri's account of his dealings with Pooh Bah was more than interesting. A day after the message had been sent to me, the Colonel-High-Commissioner - Chief - Justice, &c., had marched into Sansanni at the head of his force. At least that appears to have been his intention. Actually he halted a few hundred yards off. For Awudu Bukri had lined his six men out on the top of the rise, facing the visitors. Then he had charged magazines, and waited, walking up and down in rear of the six, all as he had seen the section commanders doing on the parade-ground. The representative of the other great European State seems to have been impressed by all this, because he sent forward to say he wanted to parley. Then he and his two *aides* advanced and held converse with Awudu Bukri. Three white men and a black Hausa corporal discussing an International boundary, if you please! The conversation must have been good hearing. Awudu Bukri spoke no German, and the three spoke no Hausa; so the conference was carried on in Pidgin English.

The Colonel talked to the Corporal, and the two *aides* talked to the Corporal. They

explained to him at length that Sansanni fell well within their borders. "Dis place," they said, "he lib for inside we country." Awudu Bukri said no. Said that his master had put him there with six men to look after the flag, and that that flag would have to stop where it was till his master came back. In despair, Pooh Bah produced a map, with which to clinch their arguments. Now Awudu Bukri was a very worthy fellow indeed, and a first-rate intelligent black soldier, but he could not read his own language even, and a map conveyed about as much to his understanding as an ancient brick, covered with Chaldean hieroglyphics, would to a Cockney costermonger's. Also, he grew weary of all this talk. So, rather rudely perhaps, he pushed the map away, remarking, "Bah! Me no savvy book!" and stalked back to his place behind the army of six in line.

The three Europeans were nonplussed. Awudu Bukri said he didn't care what they did, nor where they went, always provided that no attempt was made to interfere with the flag. And he squatted down, with his rifle across his knees. Pooh Bah and his following withdrew, and that was the end of the matter. Ultimately the International Frontier was fixed some miles to the North of Sansanni, which has grown now to be quite a considerable market town. Awudu Bukri was killed some months afterwards—poisoned arrow—in an attack on a robber village.

FP.

MIRACLE MAKING UP TO DATE.

BY DOWHILL.

THE courting of a dirty, ignorant, and repulsive savage, repulsive not only in looks but in manners, is not exactly the job for which the British officer enlists. Unless, of course, the courtship be conducted along the sights of a loaded revolver or at the business end of a sharpened hog-spear. Yet, so wide flung is the mighty British Empire, trailing its skirts beside so many nationalities, so varied the tasks falling to the humble army officer, that duty sometimes calls upon him in her hour of need to turn for the time being his sword into a ploughshare, to bribe, cajole, persuade, even to minister to infectious ailments in the place of dealing lead. And of the two the former, although safer to life and limb than a state of war, is infinitely more difficult and many times more distasteful.

Now it happened not three years gone that a little steel-tipped force, loosed from the capacious bosom of the Indian army, shattered the crude defences of a truculent savage foe which inhabited a country

composed of all the evils earth, sky, and the gods of ill can summon to their assistance. It launched no few of those wild men upon that long, long journey where all save the return is black uncertainty; it taught to those who stayed the elementary principle of respect to the strongest arm, and then, deeming the lesson it had marched to teach was full well known, took seat upon the principal artery while pushing out antennæ to feel, to taste, and to report. White men, and black of foreign tongue, had hitherto been wise; not one had scaled the tree-grown cliffs before. Hence the land lying on either side the invader was unknown, unseen, untrod. It was not a pretty country and it bred no pretty men. To its credit lay one point amongst a multitude: it bred no politicians, and deeds took the place of words.

But it is with one of the antennæ and the pushing forth thereof we are immediately concerned, a column despatched to reconnoitre such of the tree-grown mountains of a neighbouring kindred tribe as the prestige of the invader or, in other words, the total of the bill of damages to date would ensure. The jungles of this particular tribe, by name the Wanghi Bors, protruded northwards from the main artery for many on-end miles, across precipitous mountains intersected with deep-down rocky gorges. It was thought that in their higher levels they fringed perhaps some Chinese province, if nature had not planted other ape-like tribes between. To this, among other questions, an answer was required.

While the inquisitive little force, with determination inexorable, had been forging its way up the main artery into the heart of the Pinnyong Bor country, those of the Wanghi Bors, who did not sit upon the fence of hesitation which breeds neutrality, took heed whilst assisting the Pinnyongs to oppose the invader not to break the eleventh commandment. The Wanghi men were accordingly placed by the Chief Political upon the credit side. And what more natural than that when the resistance of the Pinnyongs had been overcome the fiat should go forth to the post on the line of communications nearest the entrance to the Wanghi country to get into political touch with their Gams or headmen? The officer commanding that little piece of England was seen, as he read the message, to scratch his head. Why not? Better men have done the same before, and, presumably, as the custom belongs to nature and is common, derived inspiration from the action. How was he to get into communication with a people living across a mighty river, in dense dark jungles, of whom not one had yet been seen? Were he to despatch across some unarmed men it was odds on their being killed, shot mysteriously in the jungle by the noiseless arrow of an unseen foe. Were he to send a force across the river, the people would assuredly deem the act a hostile deed and

sound a call to arms. Or they might disappear, leaving their villages deserted and neither trace nor track behind. Either was undesirable. The disadvantages of both were weighty and apparent. Which was the lesser evil? But within the passing of three days, while wondering how best to carry out the charge now laid upon him, the God of destinies threw to him a chance. A regimental "wart," reconnoitring along the river bank with a score of men, reported that some Bors were watching them from the Wanghi side and seemed to be unarmed. Thus even "excrescences" are used of God at times in the great mysterious game of life. Quickly the order was flashed to him, "Capture them at all costs, but don't shoot unless absolutely necessary; am sending Berthon boat down to you at once."

The green glacier-fed waters of that mighty river, like to a moving sea of jade, travelled in their rocky groove eight hundred feet below the post, and were connected to it only by a steep and slippery jungle-track, so that the carriage of the boat down to the river's edge was no easy matter. But the man in mountains born and bred can carry most things while perambulating the side of a hill flywise, and the Naga carriers ate little time in their descent. The subaltern was a smart lad, so too were the Goorkhas with him. Setting the party ostentatiously to work felling bamboos, which a thoughtful nature had provided near the beach, as if on the task of raft construction, and so as to keep the attention of the wild men occupied, he and three men slipped rearward into the jungles to meet the boat on its precarious journey downward from the camp perched on the shelf above. Then, striking another track that joined in from the west, they crawled up-stream, concealed by the ubiquitous jungles till the river bent northwards, and was no longer in sight of the prey on the farther bank. Here, lifting the separate portions of the boat from off the shining mahogany of the carriers' backs, they pieced them together carefully and in full silence.

It was an exciting venture. The river was very rapid in the centre, its swirling, eddying waters seeming to be in constant quarrel. Of the four men the British officer alone knew how to row—or swim: and a Berthon collapsible boat requires some handling, as those unaccustomed to its vagaries speedily discover. Allowing for the downward pull of the deaf and heartless current, he launched the boat in a placid backwater some fifty yards above where they hoped to take the opposite bank, and then, having embarked his cargo and warned them to sit quiet, pulled for the open stream. Caught by the insistent current the tiny craft at first seemed only to travel down-stream, making no lateral headway; but this was not indeed the case, and soon she shot from out the turbulent hurly-burly into a peaceful

little bay where those aboard were quick to fling themselves ashore. Sending on one of the men, a regimental scout—without his boots—to spy the land, they quickly followed in his tracks down-stream, moving from rock to rock and bush to bush till within fifty yards of the unarmed Bors. These, believing the river to be impassable, as they knew no rafts were on the other bank, had abandoned their invariable custom of posting sentries, and were found to be still sitting on their hunkers, still watching with gaze intent the doings across the water. The excrescence remained under cover behind a rock; the other three men slunk left-handed into and through the jungle fringing the narrow beach till behind their prey. The white man then showed himself, with the anticipated result that the wild men up and ran, only however into the hands of the Goorkhas lying in wait behind, who laid by the heels two, whom in a trice they had securely bound with the rope-like creeper with which those forests are interlaced and woven. To get them to the boat was easy; to keep them quiet when in it was difficult. But success is ever a light burden, and it was a proud party that three hours later clambered up into Potung stockade with its awkward task accomplished and its brace of prisoners a-tow.

To watch the demeanour and expression of these captive savages was an interesting physiological study. They expected certainly to be killed, and probably to be eaten. Never before had their eyes alighted upon the hairy, bearded native of the Indian plains, much less upon a white man; and the wondrous discoveries made during the succeeding days in that orderly semi-civilised camp surpassed all comprehension and all imagination. Instead of being food for the great men's knives, were they not treated with kindness unexpected, being shown not a few of the comforts of civilisation? And stranger still, after three days the younger man was informed that he was at liberty to return to his home, was laden with presents of rum, opium, and a couple of scarlet hospital blankets as gifts to the Gams of his village, and was instructed to bring these same gentry with him into camp to prove their friendship to the all-powerful. Incidentally he learned that his elder companion would be retained a prisoner until the Gams came. Were he so foolish as not to return, or the Gams so foolish as to be unfriendly, well—the hostage would forthwith be labelled "enemy"!

But they were wise, these men of mystery, whether of fear or curiosity persuaded is not chronicled. Within the circle of three days they were duly sighted on the farther bank of the river, and the Berthon boat, once more navigated by the "excrescence," battled across its waters to ferry them to the hither side. Six in all, the party were naked

save for sleeveless coats reaching to the waist and bamboo helmets ornamented with pigs' tushes. They were loaded in wondrous fashion with eggs and chickens for the Maharani's people: in all 144 eggs and 28 chickens. Never were more welcome gifts accepted, as for three long months neither fresh meat nor eggs had the force seen, and the sick were sore in need of them.

The protestations on the part of the strangers were ostentatious. They of course remembered, and were constant in the telling, that they had always had an affection in their hearts for the Maharani's men. Had they not for six months fed, sheltered, and ministered to the wants of one of the least of her servants, a hairless Nepalese lad, whom chance, as fond of practical jokes in the east as in the west, had placed within their grasp the preceding year? Had they not, to their infinite discomfiture, protected him against the evil intentions of neighbouring tribes? That in reality they had kept him alive and nourished him to be a slave was neither here nor there, a detail which with the present turn of events was unlikely to be revealed. So, in accordance with the policy proscribed, for the best part of a week the party was royally entertained. And during the operation each was taken from his brothers apart to be interrogated by the intelligence cum political officer, who wrestled to understand weird tracings drawn in the mud and to get his questions understood. No child's play to interpret accurately the meanings of men when the distance from place to place is expressed not in measure of space but by the position of the sun on starting and arriving; when the answer given is generally that deemed most likely to please, with no regard to facts. Nevertheless several pieces of information were extracted, to be duly fashioned into a coherent narrative for the information of the chief political officer.

Just as the first prisoners had been, so these were, introduced to the wonders of semi-civilisation and a miracle or two in addition. For to ensure their future good behaviour, to prevent them hanging back and passively resisting, it was thought desirable to impress them with the power of the Maharani as exemplified in the persons of the white men. Thus it happened one steamy morning they were informed that as the soldiers were in need of fish to eat the Colonel Sahib would smite a stream hard by, commanding it at the same moment to deliver up its inhabitants. They were guided down to this neighbouring stream by the camp interpreters and bidden to observe the power of the white men, to think and to remember. Even as Moses struck the rock in Horeb and brought forth water to drink, so here the chief magician smote the edge of the slow-running waters, throwing into the heart of the selected pool some pebbles. Phiz—z—z. Eh! oh! what a

commotion! White and boiling was the centre of the stream. Bang!!! as the angry, spluttering waters vomited heavenwards a miniature spout of water, and fish, all shapes, all sizes, were hurtled into the air. From the bottom to the surface slowly rose a white pall as hundreds of dead, stunned, and semi-conscious trout floated belly upwards to the roof. Into the water from all sides naked Goorkhas, laughing and shouting with delight, flung themselves, seizing every fish they could get touch of and throwing them ashore. Of those taken homewards there were seven baskets full, the total bag numbering, to the astonishment of all, as many as five hundred, of which few were small.

During the proceedings the faces of the wild men were wonderful to watch, and the guttural utterances and ejaculations required little intelligence to interpret. When speech had been regained, the oldest, a weather-beaten curiosity, turned to the others and spoke excitedly, with arms a-move; then all as of one accord fell upon their faces before the great man to do him reverence. He, dignified and unsurprised, took full credit as if to the manner born, although, had they but known it, he was at the moment remarking to the non-commissioned officer of the sapper company that it was fortunate the "dynamite cartridge had been so well fused!"

Laden with fish, the party clambered slowly up to the stockade—slowly, as is ever the way of the born mountaineer. There, in order that the impression made might be yet further stamped upon their minds, occasion was taken that evening to perform before a wondering audience the even greater miracle of setting water on fire! But methylated spirits were a small part of a very scanty field-hospital outfit, so that even were it wise to make one's magic cheap, this wondrous thing could not be oft repeated. When miracles are the order of the day it is passing strange the number of amateur magicians that are at hand. On that noted evening one—and by the surprise he caused he was perhaps deemed the greatest conjurer—took out an eye and put it back with the ease bred of constant practice; while yet two others removed at will their teeth!

That night the prestige of the white men stood exceeding high, and the occasion was accordingly deemed propitious to notify to the awe-struck savages that the Maharani's people would be pleased to return the visit, and should be forthwith offered the hospitality of the Wanghi country. Conversation thereafter ensued as to the best route to be taken, and the assistance that the various villages would supply in the matter of food and carriers, which alone would make the visit possible. The Wanghis expressed an eager desire to smooth away all difficulties, promising to call in the Gams of the farther villages, and to commence operations without delay. So, early on

the morrow they departed, and soon could be seen away down on the river's back, gliding across to the farther side, where they almost immediately disappeared behind the impenetrable veil of their native jungles.

After a few days one of them somewhat unexpectedly returned, making the passage of the river on a fragile raft of his own construction. He bore the emblem of peace, a sheet of newspaper on the end of a bamboo; crude sign of friendship truly, yet of no little value in that it ensured to him a whole skin and no perforation by spear or bullet. Once within the post it was noticed that his face was troubled, and speedily his tongue was busy. His tale was thus wise. Shortly after leaving the river on their homeward journey it happened that the Gams were ambuscaded by a neighbouring hostile village, and one of them, alas! had been flung into eternity with a rude suddenness which, though perhaps advantageous to the victim, was an awkward jar to the remainder. The warriors of their village were now afoot on retribution bent, and the friendly visit of the white men must accordingly for the moment be postponed. Friendship with them was already bringing trouble. Black and ominous were the clouds that obscured the future.

Whether the tale were true was doubtful; the body of the murdered man would perhaps supply the answer. But the tale in any case gave excuse for the despatch of an armed force across the river; so, ordering the envoy to return and tell of how the white man's vengeance would speedily fall upon the thrice-accursed assassins, the Commander of the post at once detailed a double company of Goorkhas for service against them. Three days' rations were to be carried by all ranks, a hundred rounds and one blanket apiece; the force to start crossing the river that night, and the operations to commence as early on the morrow as the men were all across. No sooner had the little column reached the opposite bank next day and commenced its march westwards in the usual jungle formation, than some twenty warriors of the Wanghi tribe were encountered carrying back the dead body of the murdered Gam, which was trussed as neat as neat could be with an arrow passing sideways through his chest, and in the going pinioning both arms to his body. For two days the avenging angel guided that double company, and the work of war that had ceased when the Pinnyongs had had their bellies full was renewed. A village burned and looted, crops and grain destroyed, cattle slain or removed, more savages sent to render their long account, told of the work accomplished, and that 'twere wisest policy to choose friends well.

After this little episode the arrangements for visiting the country of the Wanghi tribe were recommenced, and in a

week a column of four British officers and fifty rifles, with survey men and pioneers, marched for the village of Wonging, the first stage on the outward journey. On reaching this village, as in all other cases when the column approached the habitations of men, near which it would sleep the night, it was met by the entire community, open-mouthed and mostly naked. At first they were inclined to be frightened and to run away if approached, but later curiosity dominated everybody and everything. Having selected a suitable site for a camp above and if possible at a little distance from the village, which consisted of bamboo houses built upon piles that raised them some five feet from the ground, a line of sentries would be thrown out to keep friend and foe away while the site for the camp was cleared, temporary shelters run up, and an abattis perimeter constructed. Then, when all arrangements for defence had been perfected, some attention would be paid to the inquisitive crowd of all ages, sizes, and of both sexes that was gazing into the camp and marvelling at the strange inmates. The interpreter would announce that the sahibs' medicine-man would see all the halt and the lame at a given place. There at once large numbers of these dirty savages would congregate, with every kind of disease and sore imaginable. Goitre was most prevalent, and some of the cases very bad. One after another came forward to have his goitre rubbed with the doctor's red and blistering ointment. This did much to create friendly relations, which were further welded by visits of the British officers into the filthy houses of the leading men, where, sitting round the fire and surrounded with the naked and often diseased members of the family, they would taste the food offered and drink of the loving-cup passed round. How awful diseases were not contracted from the people it is difficult to say. This political work was a loathsome undertaking, and, though enormously successful in its results, was in no way acknowledged by the Government of India. That, sad to relate, often happens when soldiers are lent to a civil department unable to do its own job, and this does not tend to make the soldier like the job the more.

It may perhaps be thought it was unnecessary to court the savage to so great an extent. To this the answer is that the man on the spot knows best. On the goodwill of these people the penetration and survey of the country absolutely depended. They were as shy as birds, and had to be won over if anything was to be done. It is obviously easier for troops to dole out lead at 500 yards than rupees and political presents at close quarters, to say nothing of submitting to the unwelcome attentions and many discomforts inseparable from courting a suspicious, treacherous, and wholly ignorant savage. But

had their inquisitiveness, their customs, and desires not been pandered to, had touch with them not been obtained, had the white men refused their kindly invitations, these people would have failed to understand the reason—would have held aloof, if not turned hostile, and the objects of the reconnaissance would have been thwarted. The results of any hostility would have been the disappearance into the jungles of those from whom supplies, carriers, information, and other assistance alone could be obtained. Paths would have been blocked and tracks obliterated. Ambuscades would have been met on all sides. Troops and time, neither of which were sufficient for more extended military operations, would have been necessary before the country could have been traversed. Therefore, given only a few weeks in which to explore large tracts of difficult country, it was obviously essential to cultivate good relations at any price, and submit to the delays and unpleasantnesses which must always be their inevitable consequence.

The farther that the little column penetrated the country, the more inquisitive if possible became the people, and it was not always easy to understand their fears or interpret their prejudices. Why had the Maharani's men come? What did they want? To see the country? That couldn't be the only reason, when it rained all day and nothing was to be seen. It must be to take it and to make the people slaves. Look at the damage inflicted on the Pinnyongs. The dense smoke in the air of village after village burnt had spread the tale afar, more rapidly, more dramatically, and more effectively than human tongue could tell. There must be some other reason, and a bad one at that, or assuredly so many men would not have been sent, and they would have come unarmed. Accordingly, beyond a certain point these strangers must not go. If they penetrated the entire country and entered that of the neighbouring tribe beyond, would not that tribe be angry and war with the Wanghis for giving the Sahibs entrance and hospitality?

On one occasion it was obvious some trouble was afoot. A village would provide no carriers to take the party onwards. For two whole days it made excuses. Finally the leading Gams confessed they wished to meet in conference and discuss with the Sahibs a matter of great importance. So a "durbar" was arranged on the morning of the third day, when, with much gesticulation and verbosity, the chief orator put the question, Did the Sahibs intend to make war upon the Wanghis? It was quite evident that they did. For what other reason could runners be daily sent back to Potung with letters? Why did their daily arrival in camp cause such interest? Daily communications with the General Officer Commanding

must mean that war plans were under discussion. Why did the white men mean to fight them? What was their fault?

To such simple people, who do not understand the joy of receiving letters when on the edge of the Empire, it was foolishly difficult to explain away the trouble. The officer in command of the reconnaissance commenced by showing them a photograph of his wife — wonder of wonders — and reading out to them her last letter, which was mostly about his children! And finally a dâk bag, which came in shortly afterwards, was opened in their presence, containing a dozen loaves of bread, some fishing tackle, some letters that were read to them, and a cardboard box of glass beads and Indian trinkets sent for the express purpose of making presents to their women-folk.

In another village the trouble was that the pigs expressly slain for food were not accepted and not eaten. On the arrival of the party four large swine had been done to death in the wholly inartistic and particularly barbaric method of the tribe, and were brought along on poles for the visitors' acceptance. But by the latter it happened to be known that this particular village had been a hot-bed of smallpox all the year, and that the pigs were diseased. Apart from which the domestic pig, being the only scavenger in the village—the only "drains"—was at the best of times a thing in every sense unclean — uneatable. So the gifts were declined with tactful thanks, and the Gams informed that their hospitality could not be accepted. Now in this evil country to refuse food offered is the invariable sign of hostile thought and intention. It means war is intended. And here again the greatest tact and trouble were necessary to wheedle the wild man into disbelieving the customs and habits among which he was reared and that to him were a veritable fetish.

A practice invariably observed was to forbid to armed men entry within the defensible perimeter of the bivouac. Those who wished to enter must first deposit their swords, spears, and other ugly weapons without the gate. The enforcement of this rule was deemed an intended and wanton "insult," and it was a practice that they for long would not take to kindly, and could not understand. To them the insult was humiliating and deliberate, in that it likened the warriors to their women-folk. The day after the party had reached a new village and this rule had been as usual enforced, the Intelligence Officer, accompanied by his interpreter, made a tour of the village to sketch it, count the houses, take note of the defences, and generally do his job. He was suddenly surrounded by some dozen angry and fully armed warriors, who demanded the reason of the insult put upon them. They would have an answer. He was completely at their mercy, and their attitude and demeanour became truculent and threatening. The position

looked awkward, as they began to jostle, and the jelly-backed interpreter, ever readier to counsel than obey, recommended flight. The Sahib regretted that he had come unarmed and with no escort. But, if steel had been left behind, at least he possessed brains and breeding which enabled him to give them weight. So he pointed to his lack of armament to prove that in his country it was not the custom to carry weapons when visiting friends. As he had come into their village unarmed as a sign of friendship, so they were expected to unarm on going into his camp. So simple—and yet at every turn the path of peace was thorny.

While everything to these people was new, the looking-glass always could be depended upon to cause excitement and amusement. To give a man an electric shock it was only necessary to produce a mirror and place it in front of his face. He then became like the monkey at the zoo when first he sees his countenance, only much more so ; and after making all sorts of contortions at his reflection he would play the game upon a pal. This always kept these people amused for hours. The double-barrelled shot-gun, revolver, and rifle were also wonders, and matches used to be shot against the warriors with their bows and arrows. Up to 150 yards the arrow held its own well, and the shooting was remarkable—in fact, so much so that the owner of the rifle always stipulated for a long range! The penetration of the ·303 bullet through wood was difficult for them to understand, and produced a great impression. It was comical to see a crowd of fighting men fingering the holes in a tree where bullets had made their exit, refusing to believe their eyes. This was to them a more amazing feat than bringing birds upon the wing to ground. It appealed to them more, with perhaps a shiver down the spine, as they reflected on the impotence of their stockades to protect them against a foe so armed. They, a hitherto unbeaten race, were learning in those days what many another has learned to his discomfiture—namely, their insignificance and powerlessness in the face of science and civilisation. But they were learning the lesson pleasantly. The pill, fortunately for them, was gilded. It had not been so in the case of the Pinnyong Bors, and many another tribe, into whose being the lesson had been thrust with bullet and with steel, greatly to their undoing.

The least important person of the party was perhaps the Intelligence Officer, but after a few days in the country his reputation became enormously enhanced, and it was in this wise. The night was dark and cloudy, and movement within the bivouac difficult without light of lantern or of fire to guide the step over the unlevel hillside. So to light the road he produced an electric torch which, having used for his own convenience to guide him to the officers' camp-fire, he proceeded to use for his amusement. The first

savage into whose eyes the light was flicked, ran — ran screaming villagewards of another miracle. But fear early gave place to wonder, for lo! had not the white man "captured the moon"? Later, when they had become familiarised with its use and persuaded of its safety, the Gams petitioned to be given a similar torch; but they never ceased to call it the moon, or to believe that in some way the God of the moon was responsible for its light and power.

The passage through the country was slow. The Survey Officer invariably found, after negotiating the ascent of one peak, that he was unable to see anything of, or else much less than sufficient of, the surrounding country. Trees had to be felled on all sides to enable him to get the necessary view. Then, when ready to fix his distant points, snow would fall, or the blankets of cotton-wool, ever close at hand, would for days conceal the higher peaks, making triangulation impossible and patience the only alternative. The people, always suspicious, again became restive, failing to understand the reason of this work and fearful of unknown trouble. This was natural in a race bred to look for ill, whose only religion was the propitiation of evil spirits. According to their childish creed, all good and evil were brought about by spirits. Consequently the rites and sacrifices required to propitiate the evil ones were often truly exacting and always curious. Strangers were invariably credited with bringing them, and to prevent these undesirable guests entering the village, weird devices of all shapes and kinds, products of most fanciful imagination, were arched over the road of approach. Dogs were impaled alive over each gate, and their grinning masks, in company with other gruesome trophies, might well frighten any spirit whatever its intent.

Slaves were to be found in every village; they were unrecognisable as such by the stranger, and seemed happy and content. Their main distinction from other men and women appeared to be that they were guarded by no law save the will of their master. They could possess no property, and everything they made or stole was the possession of their owner. The custom had its advantages, as most of nature's customs have. If a man of the tribe refused to obey the laws of the community, refused to pull his weight in the boat, was a waster or a blackguard according to the ethics of his class, he was sold as a slave to a neighbouring tribe, so that the clan might be rid of what was but a drag upon its progress, a "*bouche inutile.*"

The Wanghi tribe had the misfortune to be centrally situated, amongst stronger clans with which it was not allied, and it could not reach the low and more fertile land without passing through the territory of one of these. Consequently these latter controlled to their advantage the exports and imports, with the

result that the Wanghis were often sadly put to it to obtain such necessities of life as home industries could not produce. True, they wanted little, but that little they wanted much. And what they wanted most was salt, which a strong neighbour between them and the Tibetan salt mines refused at that time to let them barter for. Wofully pathetic, indeed, it was to see their need of this commodity. Young men and maidens, old men and children, were wont, when the party first arrived at a village, to beg the white men for salt. The way they expressed their want—and it was apparently the sign universally recognised in those parts—was to protrude their tongues to the full extent and stroke them with the palm of the hand in a downward direction. Before the column had become accustomed to this practice, and the performance had become a natural sight, it was curious to see some two dozen naked savages of all ages and both sexes lined up on the path stroking their tongues. It would be a curious sight if the idea were westernised and it became customary to ask for the salt in this manner when at a dinner party! Being aware of the value of salt, columns when on the political prowl in these poverty-stricken jungles used invariably to carry bags of it with which to pay for work done, or to give away as presents. Two hands-full of the raw article were liberal payment to a carrier for a day's march. It was this craving for salt that caused a greater miracle to be performed than any with which the white men had till then been credited.

Owing to the dense jungles that overgrew the mountains, visual signalling communication with any of the posts along the main artery was impossible. Accordingly, runners were, as said before, frequently sent in, when communication was necessary, or for the purpose of replenishing supplies. Towards the end of the reconnaissance, when it was found that further food supplies could not be obtained from the country on payment, and the people became obstructive, when as much survey and intelligence work as possible under the circumstances had been accomplished, arrangements were made for the return march of the column. A calculation of supplies in hand showed that at two marches from Potung it would be necessary to have three more bags of salt with which to pay carriers who at that stage were to be dismissed to their homes. A message was therefore sent by runner to the officer commanding that post requesting him to supply the salt required and return it by the bearers, who, it was calculated, would meet the column on its return journey at the required place. And the occasion was, as usual, utilised to send in letters for the dâk to India. The column proceeded on its march down country, and nothing of particular interest occurred to

make it memorable. The people were disgustingly friendly, and their attentions intimate and undesirable. The difficulty of securing carriers, that had been a nightmare on the inward journey, had disappeared, and instead of relying upon weakly boys and women for transport purposes, the men of the villages turned out in large numbers and willingly helped the party "out." Other runners were despatched with the dâk, and seemingly no cloud obscured the horizon.

However, on reaching the little village of Paru, two stages from Potung, where the runners should have met the party with the salt, it was ascertained that they had not yet arrived. This was passing strange, for they certainly would have been despatched from Potung in time to arrive as required. And it was moreover awkward, for reliance had been placed upon obtaining it as payment for the carriers. Fortunately a signalling post near Potung was visible from this bivouac, and the signallers had been warned to look out and establish communication. So the signalling Naick of the column was told to try and get in touch with the Potung signalling post by helio, and when the welcome shimmering flashes answered from the black nothingness, a message was sent to the officer in command of that post asking him on what date the runners had been despatched and with what loads. Had it not been for this much-needed salt the party would probably have returned to Potung without inquiry.

Within half an hour the answer was flashed back that nothing was known of any such request. No runners had arrived in Potung from the reconnoitring party for eight days. Why had touch not been kept? Was all well? And then the trouble began. As the Intelligence Officer watched the face of the Commander redden he felt sorry for the sinners, sorry for the men who would have to pay the price. It was plain some devilry was afoot. And, plague upon these pigmen, what had happened to all the letters, products of valuable hours sent in for the dâk to India? There is nothing, absolutely nothing, more calculated to ruffle, to enrage the usually phlegmatic Britisher when on the Empire's edge than the loss of letters.

"Eh! Miri!—where's the Miri?—Orderly, send the interpreter here at once."

The voice of thunder made the bivouac reverberate, and the Miri interpreter was halfway on the road ere the Goorkha orderly got his message delivered.

"Send for Toepun, Kirkut, Asum, Ramdoo, and all other Gams of this evil tribe that can be found. I want a word with them, and that as soon as possible."

Within the space of minutes the Gams of the principal Wanghi villages, who had been brought along with the column, approached the Commander led by the interpreter. They were told to sit down on their hunkers in a row and listen to the words of authority.

Where were the runners sent from the up-country villages of Korking and Beku? How was it that they had never reached Potung? The Gams would now be held responsible, and from that moment were prisoners. Unless the truth were told and speedily, each would be flogged twice a day, and then burned, as an example to the lying tribe that bred them.

For a space of minutes the headmen took counsel together. Great were the exercises that their arms performed, and loud the medley of sound emitted from their mouths. Then, as if realising the game was up, they recounted to the Miri a tale which had so much the sound of truth that the Commander, after putting them to a close cross-examination, was unable to discredit it. Briefly it was this. Since the party had left Potung on exploration bent, the two interpreters in that post had been sent elsewhere, and in their place the Chief Political Officer had sent to Potung an interpreter named Solang. He, though a man of the plains and knowing Assamese, was in reality a man of Bedum, which village belonged to the Pinnyong tribe, on whom had fallen the heavy displeasure of the white men. When the first Wanghi runners had gone into Potung this man had secretly cursed them for befriending the exploration party, and had insulted them, saying that once the troops left the country the Pinnyongs would carry fire and sword into their country. Every mother's son of them who had carried letters, supplies, or in any way assisted the party, would be crucified. In consequence thereof great difficulty had been experienced in getting runners to go into Potung latterly, and the hearts of those despatched had probably failed them at the gates of the Potung stockade.

"We'll soon verify this," said the Commander to the Intelligence Officer. "Helio to the O.C. Potung and ask him if he has a new interpreter, and what his name is."

No sooner said than done, and ere long the twinkle, twinkle from the belly of yonder dark mountain gave the answer.

"Yes. Name Solang — a Bedum man — sent on third instant by Political."

As the Commander read the reply his brow contracted and his teeth clenched. "All right, my friend Solang—I'll teach you to wreck my work of peace. Here (to the Intelligence Officer), helio back to Potung, ask them to put Solang in the quarter-guard, and say I'll deal with him the day after to-morrow."

Turning to the Gams, he said he believed their story. He had bidden the looking-glass to curse Solang, and they must all now accompany the party to the post to see what they would see and learn the ways of the white men with those who thwarted them.

Ere the red light of the rising sun had coloured the tops of the surrounding hills on the morrow of the second day, the little column had

commenced its final march, and when the sun was perpendicular in the heavens it left the black, black jungles for the shores of the mighty river, across whose turbulent waters it was once more slung. But this time the ride was on a raft cunningly constructed of bags of grass. Progress had been accomplished since the party had left Potung, and those wondrous "*subjanta*" sapper men sent down from the front had in exceeding short space of time constructed a regular ferry. So it came about that in the afternoon the party, headed by the white men, and the Gams clad in red hospital blankets, clambered yet again up the zigzag track to the little post where a new and more permanent stockade had now been erected. But the minds of each worked differently. The Gams were fearful of meeting Solang, their enemy; the Commander was anxious to meet him and re-establish in their eyes the prestige of the white man.

But facts, ever stranger than fiction, were to surprise them in an undreamed-of manner! The first person of intelligence encountered near the stockade was a British officer, who had come out to meet them, and who lost no time in communicating to them the information that Solang could not be punished because—well, there was no such person now. Just after the message to make him a prisoner had been received, he had been taken seriously ill, and had died within a few hours! It was the talk of the camp. The Commander of the reconnoitring party turned not a hair, as is ever the way with the truly great, but walked on in silence to the gate of the stockade, where, turning to the interpreter, he remarked, in tone of sombre hue—

"Tell them I brought them here to see the punishment inflicted on Solang through the medium of the flicker-flick for trying to thwart my will. Solang is dead. They can see his body. Now tell them they must produce all the letters that have been lost, or they shall follow him on his long, long journey."

The astonishment expressed by the wild men at these words was a thing to be remembered, and surpassed all previous wonders; for, although acquaintance with the Maharani's men had taught them to be surprised at little, this was the first occasion when, by a mere movement of a bit of glass, they had seen a sinner across an immeasurable space flung straight into eternity. Black magic this was indeed. If the white men could do this, where for any of them was safety to be found if they angered a people in league with both sun and moon?

And the cause of Solang's death—heart failure after an unusually large meal—was not made public.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF SCHOOL LIFE.

BY IAN HAY.

V. THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE.

ONE of the most pathetic spectacles in the world is that of grown-up persons legislating for the young. Listening to these, we are led to suspect that a certain section of the human race — the legislative section—must have been born into the world aged about forty, sublimely ignorant of the requirements, limitations, and point of view of infancy and adolescence.

In what attitude does the ordinary educational expert approach educational problems? This question induces another. What is an educational expert?

The answer is simple. Practically everybody.

All parents are educational experts: we have only to listen to a new boy's mother laying down to a Headmaster the lines upon which his school should be conducted, to realise that. So are all politicians: we discover this fact by following the debates in the House of Commons. So are the clergy; for they themselves have told us so. So, presumably, are the writers of manuals and text-books. So are the dear old gentlemen who come down to present prizes upon Speech Day. Practically the only section of humanity to whom the title is denied are the people who have to teach. It is universally admitted by the experts—it is their sole point of agreement—that no schoolmaster is capable of forming a correct judgment of the educational needs of his charges. He is hidebound, "groovy"; he cannot break away from tradition. "What can you expect from a tripe-dresser," inquire the experts in chorus, "but a eulogy of the stereotyped method of dressing tripe?" So, ignoring the teacher, the experts lay their heads — one had almost said their loggerheads — together, and evolve terrific schemes of education.

Each section sets about its task in characteristic fashion. The politician, with his natural acumen, gets down to essentials at once.

"The electorate of this country," he says to himself, "do not care one farthing dip about Education as such. Now, how can we galvanise Education into a vote-catching machine?"

He reflects.

"Ah! I have it!" he cries presently. "*Religion!* That'll ginger them up!"

So presently an Education Bill is introduced into the House of Commons. Nine out of its ten clauses deal purely with educational matters, and are passed without a division; and the intellectual teeth of the

House fasten greedily upon Clause Number Ten, which deals with the half-hour per day which is to be set aside for religious instruction. The question arises: What attitude are the youth of the country to be taught to adopt towards their Maker? Are they to praise Him from a printed page, or merely listen to their teacher doing so out of his own head? Are they to learn the Catechism? Is the Lord's Prayer to be regarded as an Anglican or Nonconformist orison?

Everybody is most conciliatory at first.

"A short passage of Scripture," suggest the Anglicans; "a Collect, mayhap; and a few words of helpful instruction—eh? Something quite simple and non-contentious, like that?"

"We are afraid that that is sectarian religion," object the Nonconformists. "A simple chapter from the Bible, certainly—maybe a hymn. But no dogmatic teaching, *if* you please!"

"But that is no religion at all!" explain the Anglicans, with that quickness to appreciate another's point of view which has always distinguished the Church of England.

After a little further unpleasantness all round, a deadlock is reached. Then, with that magnificent instinct for compromise which characterises British statesmanship, another suggestion is put forward. Why not permit all the clergy of the various denominations to enter the School and minister to the requirements of their various young disciples? "An admirable notion," says everybody. But difficulties arise. Are this heavenly host to be admitted one by one, or in a body? If the former, how long will it take to work through the entire rota, and when will the ordinary work of the day be expected to begin? If the latter, is the School to be divided, for devotional purposes, into spiritual water-tight compartments by an arrangement of movable screens, or what? So the battle goes on. By this time, as the astute politician has foreseen, every one has forgotten that this is an Education Bill, and both sides are hard at work manufacturing party capital out of John Bull's religious susceptibilities. Presently the venue is shifted to the country, where the electorate are asked upon a thousand platforms if the Church which inaugurated Education in our land, and built most of the schools, is to be ousted from her ancient sphere of beneficent activity; and upon a thousand more, whether the will of the People or the Peers is to prevail. (It simplifies politics very greatly to select a good reliable shibboleth and employ it on *all* occasions.) Finally the Bill is thrown out or talked out, and the first nine clauses perish with it.

That is the political and clerical way of dealing with Education. The parent's way we will set forth in another place.

The writer of manuals and text-books concerns himself chiefly with the right method of unfolding his subject to the eager eyes of the expectant pupil. "There is a right way and a wrong way," he is careful to explain; "and if you present your subject in the wrong way, the pupil will derive no *educational* benefit from it whatever." At present there is a great craze for what is known as "practical" teaching. For instance, in our youth we were informed, *ad nauseam*, that there is a certain fixed relation between the circumference of a circle and its diameter, the relation being expressed by a mysterious Greek symbol pronounced "pie." The modern expert scouts this system altogether. No imaginary pie for him! He is a practical man.

Take several ordinary tin canisters, he commands, *a piece of string, and a ruler; and without any other aids ascertain the circumference and diameter of these canisters. Work out in each case the relation between the circumference and diameter. What conclusion do you draw from the result?*

We can only draw one, and that is that no man who has never been a boy should be permitted to write books of instruction for the young. For what would the "result" be? Imagine a company of some thirty or forty healthy happy boys, each supplied gratuitously with several tin canisters and a ruler, set down for the space of an hour, and practically challenged to enjoy themselves. Alexander's Rag-Time Band would be simply nowhere!

As for the last gang of experts—the dear old gentlemen who come down to give away prizes on Speech Day—they do not differ much as a class. They invariably begin by expressing a wish that they had enjoyed such educational facilities as these in their young days.

"You live in a palace, boys!" announces the old gentleman. "I envy you." (Murmurs of "Liar!" from the very back row.)

After that the speaker communicates to his audience a discovery which has been communicated to the same audience by different speakers year by year since the foundation of the School—to this effect, that Education (derivation given here, with a false quantity thrown in) is a "drawing-out," and not a "putting-in." Why this fact should so greatly excite Speech Day orators is not known, but they seldom fail to proclaim it with intense and parental enthusiasm. Then, after a few apposite remarks upon the subject of *mens sana in corpore sano*—a flight of originality received with murmurs of anguish by his youthful hearers—the old gentleman concludes with a word of comfort to "the less successful scholars." It is a physical impossibility, he points out, when there is only one prize, for all the boys in the class to win it; and adds that his experience of life has

been that not every boy who wins prizes at school becomes Prime Minister in after years. All of which is very helpful and illuminating, but does not solve the problem of Education to any great extent.

So much for the experts. Their name is Legion, for they are many, and they speak with various and dissonant voices. But they have one thing in common. All their schemes of education are founded upon the same amazing fallacy — namely, that a British schoolboy is a person who desires to be instructed. That is the rock upon which they all split. That is why it was suggested earlier in these pages that educational experts are all born grown-up.

Let us clear our minds upon this point once and for all. In nine cases out of ten a schoolmaster's task is not to bring light to the path of an eager, groping disciple, but to drag a reluctant and refractory young animal up the slopes of Parnassus by the scruff of his neck. The schoolboy's point of view is perfectly reasonable and intelligible. "I am lazy and scatter-brained," he says in effect. "I have not as yet developed the power of concentration, and I have no love of knowledge for its own sake. Still, I have no rooted objection to education as such, and I suppose I must learn something in order to earn a living. But I am much too busy, as a growing animal, to have any energy left for intellectual enterprise. It is the business of my teacher to teach me. To put the matter coarsely, he is paid for it. I shall not offer him effusive assistance in his labours, but if he succeeds in keeping me up to the collar against my will, I shall respect him for it. If he does not, I shall take full advantage of the circumstance."

That is the immemorial attitude of the growing boy. When he stops growing, conscience and character begin to develop, and he works because he feels he ought to, or because he has got into the habit of doing so, and not merely because he must. But until he reaches that age it is foolish to frame theories of Education based upon the idea that a boy is a person anxious to be educated.

Let us see how such a theory works, say, in the School laboratory. A system which will extract successful results from a class of average schoolboys engaged in practical chemistry will stand any test we care to apply to it. Successful supervision of School science is the most ticklish business that a master can be called upon to undertake. We will follow our friend Brown minor to the laboratory, and witness him at his labours.

He takes his place at the working bench, and sets out his apparatus — test-tubes, beakers, and crucibles. He lights all the bunsen-burners within reach. Presently he is provided with a sample of some crystalline substance, and bidden to ascertain its chemical composition.

"How shall I begin, sir?" he asks respectfully.

"Apply the usual tests: I told you about them yesterday in the lecture-room. Take small portions of the substance: ascertain if they are soluble. Observe their effect on litmus. Test them with acid, and note whether a gas is evolved. And so on. That will keep you going for the present. I'll come round to you again presently."

And off goes the busy master to help another young scientist in distress.

Brown minor gets to work. He takes a portion of the crystalline substance and heats it red-hot, in the hope that it will explode; and treats another with concentrated sulphuric acid in order to stimulate it into some interesting performance. At the same time he maintains a running fire of *sotto voce* conversation and chaff with his neighbours — a laboratory offers opportunities for social intercourse undreamed of in a form-room — and occasionally leaves his own task in order to assist, or more often to impede, the labours of another. When he returns to his place he not infrequently finds that his last decoction (containing the balance of the crystalline substance) has boiled over, and is now lying in a simmering pool upon the bench, or that another scientist has called and appropriated the vessel in which the experiment was proceeding, emptying its contents down the sink. Not a whit disturbed, he fills up the time with some work of independent research, such as the manufacture of a Roman candle or the preparation of a sample of nitro-glycerine. At the end of the hour he reports progress to his instructor, expressing polite regret at having failed as yet to solve the riddle of the crystalline substance; and returns whistling to his form-room, where he jeers at those of his companions who have spent the morning composing Latin Verses.

No, it is a mistake to imagine that the young of the human animal hungers and thirsts after knowledge.

Arthur Robinson, B.A., of whom previous mention has been made, soon discovered this fact; or rather, soon recognised it; for he was not much more than a boy himself. He was an observant and efficient young man, and presently he made further discoveries.

The first was that boys, for teaching purposes, can be divided into three classes—

(*A.*) Boys whose conduct is uniformly good, and whose industry is continuous. Say fifteen per cent.

For example, Master Mole. He was invariably punctual; his work was always well prepared; and he endured a good deal of what toilers in another walk of life term "peaceful picketing" for contravening one of the fundamental laws of schoolboy trades-unionism by continuing to work when the master was out of the room.

(*B.*) Boys whose conduct is uniformly good — except perhaps in the matter of surreptitious refreshment—but who will work only so long as they are watched. Say sixty per cent.

Such a one was Master Gibbs. By long practice he had acquired the art of looking supremely alert and attentive when in reality his thoughts were at the back of beyond. When engaged in writing-work his pen would move across the page with mechanical regularity, what time both eyes were fixed upon a page torn from a comic paper and secreted behind a dictionary. He gave no trouble whatever, but was a thorn in the flesh of any conscientious teacher.

(*C.*) Boys who are not only idle, but mischievous. Say twenty-five per cent.

There was Page, whose special line was the invention of comic translations. After the day upon which he translated *caeruleae puppes*, "Skye-terriers," Arthur Robinson spiked his guns by forbidding him, under the penalty of the rod, to speak again for the rest of the term unless directly addressed. It was a privation for both boy and master; but discipline has to be maintained.

Then there was Chugleigh, whose strong suit was losing books. He was a vigorous and muscular youth, more than a little suspected of being a bully; but he appeared to be utterly incapable of protecting his own property. Sometimes he grew quite pathetic about it. He gave Mr Robinson to understand, almost with tears, that his books were at the mercy of any small boy who cared to snatch them from him. Certainly he never had any in form.

"I see you require State protection," said Arthur Robinson one morning, when Chugleigh put in an appearance without a single book of any kind, charged with a rambling legend about his locker and a thief in the night. He scribbled an order. "Take this to the librarian, and get a set of new books."

Master Chugleigh, much gratified—the new books would be paid for by an unsuspicious parent and could be sold second-hand at the end of the term — departed, presently to return with five new volumes under his arm.

"Write your name in them all," said Mr Robinson briskly.

Chugleigh obeyed, as slowly as possible.

"Now bring all the books here."

Chugleigh did so, a little puzzled.

"For the future," announced Mr Robinson, unmasking his batteries, "in order to give you a fair chance in this dishonest world, you shall have *two* sets of the books in use in this form. I will keep one set for you. The others you may keep or lose as you like; but whenever you turn up here without a book I shall be happy to hire you out the necessary duplicates, at a charge of threepence per book per hour. This morning you will require a Cæsar,

a grammar, and a Latin Prose book. That will be ninepence. Will you pay cash, or shall I knock it off your pocket-money at the end of the week?"

He looked up the remaining two books in his desk, and the demoralised Chugleigh resumed his seat amid loud laughter.

II.

Arthur Robinson made other notes.

The pursuit of knowledge, like the pursuit of other precious things in life, occasionally leads its votaries into tortuous ways. Cribbing, for instance.

All boys crib more or less. It is not suggested that the more sinful forms of this species of self-help are universal, or even common. But the milder variations are practised by all, with the possible exception of the virtuous fifteen per cent previously mentioned.

The average boy's attitude towards cribbing is precisely the same as his attitude towards other types of misdemeanour: that is to say, he regards it as one of those practices which is perfectly justifiable if his form-master is such a weakling as to permit it. It is all part of the eternal duel between the teacher and the taught.

"Do I scribble English words in the margin of my Xenophon?" the boy asks. "Certainly. Do I surreptitiously produce loose pages of Euclid from my pocket and copy them out, when I am really supposed to have learned them by heart? Of course. Why should I, through sheer excess of virtue, handicap myself in the race to escape the punishment of failure, simply because the highly qualified expert who is paid to supervise my movements fails in his plain duty?"

So he cribs.

But his attitude towards the matter is quite consistent, for when he rises to a position of trust and authority in the School, he ceases to crib—at least flagrantly. The reason is that he is responsible now not so much to a master as to his own sense of right and wrong; and he has made the discovery which all of us make in the end—that the little finger of our conscience is often thicker than the hardest task-master's loins.

There are two forms of cribbing, and school opinion differentiates very sharply between them. There is cribbing to gain marks, and there is cribbing to save trouble or avoid punishment. The average boy, who is in the main an honest individual, holds aloof from the former practice because he feels that it is unsportsmanlike—rather like stealing, in fact; but he usually acquiesces without a struggle in the conveniences offered by the second. For instance, he refrains from furtively copying from his neighbour, for he regards that as the meanest kind of brain-sucking. (If the neighbour pushes his paper towards him

with a friendly smile, that of course is a different matter.) But he is greatly addicted to a more venial crime known as "paving." The paver prepares his translation in the orthodox manner, but whenever he has occasion to look up a word in a lexicon he scribbles its meaning in the margin of the text, or, more frequently, just over the word itself, to guard against loss of memory on the morrow.

Much less common is the actual use of cribs—the publications of the eminent firm of Bohn, and other firms of less reliability and repute. Most boys have sufficient honesty and common-sense to realise that getting up work with a translation is an unprofitable business, though at the same time they are often unable to resist the attractions of such labour-saving appliances. Their excuse is always the same, and it is not a bad one. "If the School Library," they say, "contains Jowett's Thucydides and Jebb's Sophocles for all the Sixth to consult, why should not we, in our humbler walk of scholarship, avail ourselves of the occasional assistance of Kiddem's Keys to the Classics?"

So much for the casual cribber. The professional—the chronic—exercises an ingenuity and devotes an amount of time and labour to the perfecting of his craft, which, if applied directly to his allotted task, would bring him out at the top of his form. In a little periodical entitled *The Light Green*, published in Cambridge thirty years ago by a young Johnian named Hilton (who might have rivalled Calverley himself had he lived to thirty), we have a brilliant little portrait of the professional cribber, executed in the style of *The Heathen Chinee*. It is called *The Heathen Passee*.

In the crown of his cap
Were the Furies and Fates,
And an elegant map
Of the Dorian States;
And we found in his palms, which were hollow,
What is common in palms—that is, dates!

But he is a rare bird, the confirmed cribber, with his algebraical formulæ written on his finger-nails, and history notes attached to unreliable elastic arrangements which shoot up his sleeve out of reach at critical moments. The ordinary boy does not crib unless he is pressed for time or in danger of summary execution. He usually limits his enterprise to co-operative preparation—that is to say, the splitting up an evening's work into sections, each section being prepared by one boy and translated to the other members of the syndicate afterwards—to the gleaning of discarded lines and superfluous tags from the rough copies of cleverer boys' Latin Verses, and to the acceptance of a whispered "prompt" from a good Samaritan when badly cornered by a question.

Lastly, we may note that cribbing is not confined to schoolboys. The full perfection of the art is only attained in the pass-examina-

tions of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Then all considerations of conscience or sportsmanship are flung aside, and the cribber cribs, not to gain distinction or outstrip his rivals, but to get over a troublesome fence by hook or crook and have done with it. There was once a Freshman at Cambridge whose name, we will say, began with M. This accident of nomenclature placed him during his Little Go examination in the seat next to a burly young man whom he recognised with a thrill of awe as the President of the C.U.B.C., whose devotion to aquatic sports had so far prevented him from clearing the academic fence just mentioned, and who now, at the beginning of his third year, was entering, in company with a collection of pink-faced youths fresh from school, upon his ninth attempt to satisfy the examiners in Part One of the Previous Examination.

Our friend, having completed his first paper, quitted the Senate House and returned to his rooms to fortify himself with luncheon before the next. During the progress of that meal a strange gyp called upon him, and proffered a note mysteriously.

"From Mr M——, sir," he said, mentioning the name of the Freshman's exalted neighbour in the examination room.

The Freshman opened the note with trembling fingers. Was it possible that he had been singled out as a likely oar already?

. . . . . .

The note was brief, but to the point. It said—

Dere Sir, — Please write larger.—Yours truly,

J. M.

III.

However, this is a digression. Let us return for the last time to Arthur Robinson's three divisions of youthful humanity. Class A he found extraordinarily dull. They required little instruction and no supervision; in fact, they were self-educators of the most automatic type. Class B were a perpetual weariness to the flesh. They gave no trouble, but their apathy was appalling. However, a certain amount of entertainment could be extracted from studying their methods of evading work or supplying themselves with refreshment. There was the ingenious device of Master Jobling, for instance. Mr Robinson noted that this youth was in the habit, during lecture-time, of sitting with his elbows resting on his desk and his chin buried in his hands, his mouth, or a corner thereof, being covered by his fingers. His attitude was one of rapt attention, and his eyes were fixed unwinkingly upon the lecturer. Such virtue, coming from Master Jobling, roused unworthy suspicions in the breast of Arthur Robinson. He observed that although the youth's attitude was one of rigid immobility, his facial

muscles were agitated from time to time by a slight convulsive movement. Accordingly, one day, he stepped swiftly across the room, and taking Master Jobling by the hair, demanded an explanation. It was forthcoming immediately, in the form of a long thin indiarubber tube, of the baby's-bottle variety; one end of which was held between Master Jobling's teeth, while the other communicated, *via* his right sleeve, with a bottle of ginger-beer secreted somewhere in the recesses of his person. From this reservoir he had been refreshing himself from time to time by a process of suction.

Mr Robinson, who believed in making the punishment fit the crime, purchased a baby's "soother" from the chemist's, and condemned Jobling to put in to its rightful use during every school-hour for the rest of the week. He was only allowed to remove it from his lips in order to answer a question.

Class C, the professional malefactors, Mr Robinson found extremely attractive. They appeared to possess all the character and quite half the brains of the form. But this is a permanent characteristic of the malefactor, and is most discouraging to the virtuous.

Once, early in his career, Robinson was badly caught. On entering his form-room one winter evening, when darkness had fallen and the gas was ablaze, his eye fell upon the great plate-glass window which filled the south wall of the room. Form-room windows are not usually supplied with blinds, and this window stood black and opaque against the darkness of night. Right in the centre of the glass was a great white star, which radiated out in all directions in a series of splintered cracks.

Mr Robinson knew well what had happened. Some one had hurled a stone inkpot against the window. Only last week he had had occasion to discourage target-practice of this kind by exemplary measures. He addressed the crowded form angrily.

"Who broke that window?"

"It is not broken, sir," volunteered a polite voice.

Arthur Robinson was a young man who did not suffer impudence readily.

"This is not precisely the moment," he rapped out, "for nice distinctions. The window is cracked, starred, splintered—anything you like. I want the name of the boy who damaged it. At once, please!"

Silence. Yet it was not the sullen, obstinate silence which prevails when boys are endeavouring to screen one another. One would almost have called it silent satisfaction. But Arthur Robinson was too angry and not sufficiently experienced to note the distinction. Naming each boy by name, he demanded of him whether or no he had broken the window. Each boy politely denied the impeachment. One or two were courteous to the point of patronage.

Suddenly, from the back bench, came a faint chuckle. Arthur Robinson, conscious of

a sickly feeling down his spine, rose to his feet and approached the splintered window. The form watched him with breathless joy. Hot-faced, he rubbed one of the rays of the star with his fingers. It promptly disappeared.

The window was undamaged. The star was artistically executed in white chalk.

Malefactors have their weak spots too.

One afternoon Mr Robinson held an "extra." That is to say, he brought in a body of youthful sinners, composed of the riff-raff of his form, for a period of detention, and set them a stiff imposition to write out. About half-way through the weary hour he produced from his locked desk an old cigarette box containing sundry coins. Laying these out upon the desk he proceeded to count them. The perfunctory scratching of pens ceased, and the assembled company, most of whom had been unwilling contributors to the fund under review, gazed with lack-lustre eyes at their late property.

"Fourteen-and-nine," announced Mr Robinson cheerfully. "That is the sum which I have collected from you this term in return for the loan of such useful articles as pens and blotting-paper. I know my charges are high, but then I am a monopolist to people who are foolish enough to come in here without their proper equipment. Again, though threepence may seem a fancy price for a small piece of blotting-paper, it is better to pay threepence for a piece of blotting-paper than use your handkerchief, which is worth a shilling. However, the total is fourteen-and-nine. What shall we do with it? Christmas is only a fortnight off; and I propose, with your approval, to send this contribution of yours to a society which provides Christmas dinners for people who are less lavishly provided for in that respect than ourselves. If it interests you at all, I will get the Society's full title and address and read them to you."

Arthur Robinson was out of the room for perhaps three minutes. When he returned he was immediately conscious, from the guilty stillness which reigned, and the self-conscious air of detachment with which everybody was writing, that something was amiss. He glanced sharply at the little pile of money on his desk.

It had grown from fourteen-and-ninepence to twenty-seven-and-sixpence.

Life is full of compensations —even for schoolmasters.

VI. "MY PEOPLE."

Under this comprehensive title the schoolboy groups the whole of his relatives, of both sexes.

"Are your people coming for Speech Day?" inquires Master Smith of Master Brown.

"Yes, worse luck!"

"It is a bore," agrees Smith. "I wanted you to come and sit with me."

"Sorry!" says Brown, and the matter ends. It never occurs to Brown to invite Smith to join the family party. Such a proceeding would be unheard of. A schoolboy with his "people" in tow neither expects nor desires the society of his friends. His father may be genial, his mother charming, his sister pretty; but in the jaundiced eyes of their youthful host they are nothing more or less than a gang of lepers—to be segregated from all communication with the outer world; to be conveyed from one point to another as stealthily as possible; and above all, to be kept out of the way of masters.

Later in life, say at the University, this diffidence disappears. A pretty sister becomes an asset; a pearl of price; a bait for luncheon parties and a trap for theatre tickets. Even a father, provided he does not wear a made-up tie or take off his hat to the Dons, is tolerated. But at school—never! Why?

The reason is that it is almost impossible to give one's "people" their heads when on a visit to School without opening the way for breaches of etiquette and social outrages of the most deplorable kind. Left to themselves, fathers are addicted to entering into conversation with casual masters—especially masters who in the eyes of a boy are too magnificent to be approached or too despicable to be noticed. Mothers have been known to make unsolicited overtures to some School potentate—yea, even the Captain of the Eleven—because he happens to have curly hair or be wearing a pretty blazer. Sisters are capable of extending what the Lower School terms "the R.S.V.P. eye" to the meanest and most insignificant fag. These solecisms shame Master Brown to his very soul. Consequently he keeps his relatives in relentlessly close order, herding them across the quadrangle under a running fire of admonition and reproof.

"Yes, Dad, that's the Head. Look the other way, or he'll notice you. . . . For goodness sake, Mum, don't stop and talk to *this* fellow: he's in the Boat. *Who is that dear little boy with brown eyes?* Great Scott, how should I know all the rotten little ticks in the Lower School? . . . Sis, what on earth did you go smiling and grinning at that chap for? He is a master. *He took his hat off?* Well, you must have begun it, that's all! Think what an outsider he must consider you! . . . *What, Mum? Who are these two nice-looking boys sitting on that bench?* Not so loud! They're the Captain of the Eleven and the Secretary. *Will I ask them to tea to amuse Dolly?* Certainly, if you don't mind my leaving the School for good to-morrow morning! . . . This is the cricket-ground. No, you can't go and sit in the shade under those trees: it is fearful side to go there. Stay about here. If you see any people you know, from Town or any-

where, you can talk to them; but whatever you do, don't go making up to chaps. I'll find young Griffin for you if you like. He'll be pretty sick; but he knows you in the holidays, so I suppose he has got to go through it. Sit here. Perhaps you had better not speak to *anybody* while I'm away, whether you know them or not. Sis, remember about not making eyes at fellows. They don't like that sort of thing from young girls: they're different from your pals in Hyde Park; so hold yourself in. I'll be back in a minute."

Then he departs in search of the reluctant Griffin.

The only member of the Staff to whom a boy permits his "people" to address themselves is his House-master. Him he regards as inevitable; and consents gloomily to conduct his tainted band to a ceremonial tea in the House-master's drawing-room. There he sits miserably upon the edge of a chair, masticating cake, and hoping against hope that the ceremony will end before his relatives have said or done something particularly disastrous.

He is conscious, too, of a sad falling-off in his own demeanour. Ten minutes ago he was a miniature Grand Turk, patronising his parents and ruffling it over his sister. Now he is a rather grubby little hobbledehoy, conscious of large feet and red hands, mumbling "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," to a man whom he has been accustomed to represent to his family as being wax in his hands and a worm in his presence.

An observant philosopher once pointed out that in every man there are embedded three men: first, the man as he appears to himself; second, the man as he appears to others; third, the man as he really is. This classification of points of view is particularly applicable to the scholastic world. Listen, for instance, to Master Smith, describing to an admiring circle of sisters and young brothers a scene from school life as it is lived in the Junior Remove.

"*Is the work difficult?* Bless you, we don't do any *work:* we just rot Duck-face. We simply rag his soul out. *What do we do to him?* Oh, all sorts of things. *What sort?* Well, the other day he started up his usual song about the necessity of absolute attention and concentration — great word for Duck-face, concentration — and gave me an impot for not keeping my eyes fixed on him all the time he was jawing. I explained to him that anybody who attempted such a feat would drop down dead in five minutes. *How dare I say such a thing to a master?* Well, I didn't say it in so many words, but he knew what I meant all right. He got pretty red. After that I tipped the wink to the other chaps, and we all stared at him till he simply sweated. Oh, we give him a rotten time!"

Mr Duckworth's version of the incident, in the Common Room, ran something like this.

"What's that, Allnutt? *How*

is young Smith getting on? Let me see — Smith? Oh, that youth! I remember him now. Well, he strikes me as being not far removed from the idiot type, but he is perfectly harmless. I don't expect ever to teach him anything, of course, but he gives no trouble. He is quite incapable of concentrating his thoughts on anything for more than five minutes without constant ginger from me. I had to drop rather heavily upon him this morning, and the results were most satisfactory. He was attentive for quite half an hour. But he's a dull customer."

What really happened was this. Mr Duckworth, who was a moderate disciplinarian and an extremely uninspiring teacher, had occasion to set Master Smith fifty lines for inattention. Master Smith, glaring resentfully and muttering muffled imprecations — symptoms of displeasure which Mr Duckworth, who was a man of peace at any price, studiously ignored — remained comparatively attentive for the rest of the hour and ultimately showed up the lines.

All this time we have left our young friend Master Brown sitting upon the edge of a chair in his House-master's drawing-room, glaring defiantly at every one and wondering what awful thing his "people" are saying now.

Occasionally scraps of conversation reach his ears. (He is sitting over by the window with his sister.) His mother is doing most of the talking. The heads of her discourse appear in the main to be two —the proper texture of her son's undergarments and the state of his soul. The House-master, when he gets a chance, replies soothingly. The Matron shall be instructed to see that nothing is discarded prematurely during the treacherous early summer: he himself will take steps to have Reggie—the boy blushes hotly at the sound of his Christian name on alien lips — prepared for confirmation with the next batch of candidates.

Occasionally his father joins in.

"I expect we can safely leave that question to Mr Allnutt's discretion, Mary," he observes drily. "After all, Reggie is not the only boy in the House."

"No, I am sure he is not," concedes Mrs Brown. "But I know you won't object to hear the *mother's* point of view, will you, Mr Allnutt?"

"I fancy Mr Allnutt has heard the mother's point of view once or twice before," interpolates Mr Brown, with a sympathetic smile in the direction of the House-master.

"Now, John," says Mrs Brown playfully, "don't interfere! Mr Allnutt and I understand one another perfectly, don't we, Mr Allnutt?" She takes up her parable again with renewed zest. "You see, Mr Allnutt, what I mean is, you are a bachelor. You have never had any young people to bring up, so naturally you can't *quite* appreciate, as I can——"

Mr Allnutt, who has brought up about fifty "young people" per annum for fifteen years, smiles wanly, and bows to the storm. Master Brown, almost at the limit of human endurance, glances despairingly at his sister. That tactful young person grasps the situation, and endeavours to divert the conversation.

"What pretty cups those are on that shelf," she says in a clear voice to her brother. "Are they Mr Allnutt's prizes?"

"Yes," replies Master Brown, with a sidelong glance towards his House-master. But that much-enduring man takes no notice: his attention is still fully occupied by Mrs Brown, whom he now darkly suspects of having a suitable bride for him concealed somewhere in her peroration.

Master Brown and his sister rise to inspect the collection of trophies more closely.

"What a lot he has got," says Miss Brown, in an undertone now. "Was he a great athlete?"

"He thinks he was. When he gets in a bait over anything it is always a sound plan to get him to talk about one of these rotten things. I once got off a tanning by asking him how many times he had been Head of the River. As a matter of fact, most of these are prizes for chess, or tricycling, or something like that."

So the joyous libel proceeds. Master Reggie is beginning to cheer up a little.

"What is that silver bowl for?" inquires his sister.

"Ah, it takes him about half an hour to tell you about that. They won the race by two feet in record time, and he was in a dead faint for a week afterwards. As a matter of fact, Bailey tertius, whose governor was up at Oxford with the old Filbert"—etymologists will have no difficulty in tracing this synonym to its source—"says that he saw the race, and that Filbert caught a crab and lost his oar about five yards from the start and was a passenger all the way. The men on the bank yelled to him to jump out, but he was in too big a funk of being drowned, and wouldn't. Of course he doesn't know we know!"

And yet, in Reggie Brown's last half-term report we find the words:—

A well-meaning but somewhat stolid and unimaginative boy.

II.

But "people" do not visit the School solely for the purpose of bringing social disaster upon their offspring. Their first visit, at any rate, is of a very different nature. On this occasion they come in the capacity of what Headmasters call "prospective parents"—that is, parents who propose to inspect the School with a view to entering a boy—and

as such are treated with the deference due to imperfectly hooked fish.

The prospective parent varies considerably. Sometimes he is an old member of the School, and his visit is a purely perfunctory matter. He knows every inch of the place. He lunches with the Head, has a talk about old times, and mentions with proper pride that yet another of his boys is now of an age to take up his nomination for his father's old House.

Then comes another type—the youthful parent. Usually he brings his wife with him. He is barely forty, and has not been near a school since he left his own twenty years ago. His wife is pretty, and not thirty-five. Both feel horribly juvenile in the presence of the Head. They listen deferentially to the great man's pontifical observations upon the requirements of modern education, and answer his queries as to their first-born's age and attainments with trembling exactitude.

"I think we shall be able to lick him into shape," concludes the Head, with gracious jocularity. It is mere child's play to him, handling parents of this type.

Then the male bird plucks up courage, and timidly asks a leading question. The Head smiles.

"Ah!" he remarks. "Now you are laying an invidious task upon me. Who am I, to discriminate between my colleagues' Houses?"

The young parents apologise precipitately, but the Head says there is no need. In fact, he goes so far as to recommend a House—in strict confidence.

"Between ourselves," he says, "I consider that *the* man here at the present moment is Mr Rotterson. Send your boy to him. I *believe* he has a vacancy for next term, but you had better see him at once. I will give you a note for him now. There you are! Good morning!"

Off hurry the anxious pair. But the telephone outstrips them.

"Is that you, Rotterson?" says the Head. "I have just despatched a brace of parents to you. Impress them! There are prospects of more to-morrow, so with any luck we ought to be able to pull up your numbers to a decent level after all."

"Thank you very much," says a meek voice at the other end.

Then there is the bluff, hearty parent—the man who knows exactly what he wants, and does not hesitate to say so.

"I don't want the boy taught any new-fangled nonsense," he explains courteously. "Just a good sound education, without frills! The boy will have to earn his own living afterwards, and I want you to teach him something which will enable him to do so. Don't go filling him up with Latin and Greek: give him something which will be *useful*. I know you pedagogues stick obstinately to what you call a good general grounding; but, if I may say

so, you ought to *specialise* a bit more. You're too shy of specialisation, you know. But *I* say: Find out what each boy in your school requires for his future career, and teach him *that!*"

A Headmaster once replied to a parent of this description—

"Unfortunately, sir, the fees of this school and the numbers of its Staff are calculated upon a *table d'hôte* basis. If you want to have your son educated *à la carte*, you must get a private tutor for him. Good morning."

Then there is the Utterly Impossible parent. He is utterly impossible for one of two reasons — either because he is a born faddist, or because he has relieved Providence of a grave responsibility by labelling himself "A Self-Made Man, and Proud of It!"

The faddist is the sort of person who absorbs Blue-Books without digesting them, and sits upon every available Board without growing any wiser, and cherishes theories of his own about non-competitive examinations, and cellular underclothing, and the use of graphs, and, generally speaking, about every subject on which there is no particular reason why the layman should hold any opinions at all. Such a creature harries the scholastic profession into premature senility. Him the Head always handles in the same fashion. He delivers him over at the first opportunity to a House-master, and the House-master promptly takes him out on to the cricket-field and, having introduced him to the greatest bore upon the Staff, leaves the pair together to suffer the fate of the Kilkenny cats.

The other sort of Utterly Impossible is not so easily scotched. The ordinary snubs of polite society are not for him. He is a plain man, he mentions, and likes to put things on a business footing. Putting things on a business footing seems to necessitate—no one knows why—a recital of the plain man's early struggles, together with a *résumé* of his present bank-balance and directorships. Not infrequently he brings his son with him, and having deposited that shrinking youth on a chair under the eyes both of the Head and himself, proceeds to run over his points with enormous gusto and unparental impartiality.

"There he is!" he bellows. "Now you've *got* him! Ram it into him! Learn him to be a scholar, and I'll pay any bill you like to send in. I've got the dibs. He's not a bad lad, as lads go, but he wants his jacket dusted now and then. My father dusted mine regular every Saturday night for fifteen year, and it made me the man I am. I'm worth——"

A condensed Budget follows. Then the harangue is resumed.

"So don't spare the rod—that's what I say. Learn him all that a scholar ought to be learned. If he wants books, get them, and put them down to me. I can pay for them.

And at the end of the year, if he gets plucked in his examinations, you send him home to me, and I'll bile him!"

The plain man breaks off, and glares with ferocious affection upon his offspring. All this while the shrewd Head has been observing the boy's demeanour; and if he decides that the engaging exuberance of his papa has not been inherited to an ineradicable extent, he accepts the cowering youth and does his best for him. As a rule he is justified in his judgment.

Lastly, comes a novel and quite inexplicable variant of the species. It owes its existence entirely to journalistic enterprise.

Little Tommy Snooks, we will say, arrives home one afternoon in a taxi in the middle of term, and announces briefly but apprehensively to his parents that he has been "sacked." He is accompanied or preceded by a letter from his Headmaster, expressing genuine sorrow for the occurrence, but adding that though it has been found necessary for the sake of discipline to remove Master Thomas from the School, his offence has not been such as to involve any moral stigma. Little Tommy's parents, justly incensed that their offspring should have been expelled from School without incurring any moral stigma, write demanding instant reparation. The Headmaster in his reply states that Thomas has been expelled because he has broken a certain rule, the penalty for breaking which happens to be—and is known to be—expulsion. *Voila tout.* In other words, Thomas has been expelled, not for smoking or drinking or breaking bounds (or whatever he may happen to have done), but for deliberately and wantonly flying in the face of the Law which prohibits these misdemeanours. Either Tommy must go, or the Law be rendered futile and ridiculous.

This paltry and frivolous attempt to evade the real point at issue—which appears to be that many people, including Tommy's parents and the Headmaster himself, smoke, drink, and go out after dark and are none the worse—is treated with the severity which it deserves. A letter is despatched, consigning the Headmaster to scholastic perdition. The Headmaster briefly acknowledges receipt, and suggests that the correspondence should now cease.

So far the campaign has followed well-defined and perfectly natural lines, for a parent is seldom disposed to take his boy's expulsion "lying down." But at this point the new-style parent breaks right away from tradition — kicks over the traces, in fact. Despatching that slightly dazed but on the whole deeply gratified infant martyr, Master Tommy, to salve outraged nature at an adjacent Picture Palace, the parent sits down at his (or her) desk and unmasks the whole dastardly conspiracy to a halfpenny newspaper of wide circulation. "I do this," he explains, "not from any feeling of animosity towards the Headmaster of the School, but in order to clear my

son's good name and fair fame in the eyes of the world." (This is interesting and valuable news to the world, which has not previously heard of Tommy Snooks.) The astute editor of the halfpenny paper, with a paternal smile upon his features and his tongue in his cheek, publishes the letter in a conspicuous position—if things in the football and political world happen to be particularly dull, he sometimes finds room for Tommy's photograph too—and invites general correspondence on the subject.

Few parents can resist such an opportunity; and for several weeks the editor is supplied, free gratis, with a column of diversified but eminently saleable matter. The beauty of a controversy of this kind is that you can dilate upon almost any subject on earth without being pulled up for irrelevance. Parents take full advantage of this licence. Some contribute interesting legends of their children's infancy. Others plunge into a debate upon punishment in general; and the old battle of cane, birch, slipper, imposition, detention, and moral suasion is fought over again. This leads to a discussion as to whether public schools shall or shall not be abolished — by whom, is not stated. Presently the national reserve of retired colonels is mobilised, and fiery old gentlemen write from Cheltenham to say that in their young days boys were boys and not molly-coddles. Old friends like *Mater-familias*, *Pro Bono Publico*, and *Quis Custodiet Custodes* rush into the fray with joyous whoops. There is quite a riot of pseudonyms: the only person who gives his proper name (and address) is the headmaster of a small preparatory school, who contributes a copy of his prospectus, skilfully disguised as a treatise on "How to Preserve Home Influences at School."

But the boom is short-lived. Presently a crisis arises in some other department of our national life. Something cataclysmal happens to the House of Commons, or the Hippodrome, or Tottenham Hotspur. Public attention is diverted; the correspondence is closed with cruel abruptness; and little Tommy Snooks is summoned from the Picture Palace, and sent to another school or provided with a private tutor. Still, his good name and fair fame are now vindicated in the eyes of the world.

But it is not altogether surprising that the great Temple should once have observed—

"Boys are always reasonable; masters sometimes; parents never!"

III.

Correspondence between school and home is conducted upon certain well-defined lines. A boy writes home every Sunday: his family may write to him when they please and as often as they please. But—they must never send post-cards.

Post-cards in public schools

are common property. Many a new boy's promising young life has been overclouded at the very outset by the arrival of some such maternal indiscretion as this—

DEAREST ARTIE,—I am sending you some nice new vests for the colder months. Mind you put them on, but ask the Matron to air them first. The girls send their love, and Baby sends you a kiss,—your affec. MOTHER.

"Dearest Artie" usually comes into possession of this missive after it has been passed from hand to hand, with many joyous comments, the whole length of the Lower School breakfast-table. He may not hear the last of the vests and Baby for months.

As for writing home; a certain elasticity of method is essential. In addressing one's father, it is advisable to confine oneself chiefly to the topic of one's studies. Money should not be asked for, but references to the Classics may be introduced with advantage, and perhaps a fair copy of one's last Latin prose enclosed. The father will not be able to understand, or even read it; but this will not prevent him from imagining that he could have done so thirty years ago; and his heart will glow with the reminiscent enthusiasm of the retired scholar.

Mothers may be addressed with more freedom. Small financial worries may be communicated, and it is a good plan to dwell resignedly but steadily upon the insufficiency of the food supplied by the School authorities. Health topics may be discussed, especially in so far as they touch upon the question of extra diet.

Sisters appreciate School gossip and small-talk of any kind.

Young brothers may be impressed with dare-devil tales of masters put to rout and prefects "ragged" to death.

The appended *dossier* furnishes a fairly comprehensive specimen of the art. It is entitled—

THE BIRTHDAY.

CORRESPONDENCE ADDRESSED TO MASTER E. BUMPLEIGH, MR KILLICK'S HOUSE, GRANDWICH SCHOOL.

No. I.

Messrs BUMPLEIGH & SITWELL, Ltd.,
220*b* CORNHILL.
Telegrams: "Bumpsit, London."

Nov. 6, 19—.

MY DEAR EGBERT, — Your mother informs me that to-morrow, the 7th inst., is your fifteenth birthday. I therefore take this opportunity of combining my customary greetings with a few observations on your half-term report, which has just reached me. It is a most deplorable document. With the exception of your health (which is described as "excellent"), and your violin-playing

(which I note is "most energetic"), I can find no cause for congratulation or even satisfaction in your record for the past half-term. Indeed, were it not for the existence of the deep-seated conspiracy (of which you have so frequently and so earnestly warned me) among the masters at your school, to deprive you of your just marks and so prevent you from taking your rightful place at the head of the form, I should almost suspect you of idling.

I enclose ten shillings as a birthday gift. If you could contrive during the next half-term to overcome the unfortunate prejudice with which the Grandwich Staff appears to be inspired against you, I might see my way to doing something rather more handsome at Christmas.—Your affectionate father,

JOHN HENRY BUMPLEIGH.

(*Reply.*)

Nov. 7.

MY DEAR FATHER,—Thanks awfully for the ten bob. Yes, it is most deplorable as you say about my report. I feel it very much. It is a rum thing that I should have come out bottom, for I have been working fearfully hard lately. I expect a mistake has been made in adding up the marks. You see, they are all sent in to the form-master at half-term, and he, being a classical man, naturelly can't do mathematics a bit, so he adds up the marks all anyhow, and practically anybody comes out top. It is very dishartening. I think it would be better if I went on the Modern Side next term. The masters there are just as ignerant and unfair as on the classical, but not being classical men they do know something about adding up marks. So if I went I might get justice done me. I must now stop, as I have several hours more prep. to do, and I want to go and ask Mr Killick for leave to work on after bed-time.—Your affec. son,

E. BUMPLEIGH.

No. II.

THE LIMES,
WALLOW-IN-THE-WEALD, SURREY,
Monday.

MY DEAREST BOY,—Very many happy returns of your birthday. The others (*Genealogical Tree omitted here*) . . . send their best love.

I fear your father is not quite pleased with your half-term report. It seems a pity you cannot get higher up in your form, but I am sure you *try*, my boy. I don't think father makes quite enough allowance for your *health*. With your weak digestion, long hours of sedentary work must be very trying at times. Ask the matron . . . (*one page omitted*). I enclose ten shillings, and will send you the almond cake and potted lobster you ask for.—Your affectionate mother,

MARTHA BUMPLEIGH.

(*Reply.*)

November 7.

DEAR MUM,—Thanks ever so much for the ten bob, also the lobster and cake, which are

A1. Yes, the pater wrote to me about my report—rather a harsh letter, I thought. Still, we must make allowances for him. When he was young education was a very simple matter. Now it is the limit. My digestion is all right, thanks, but my head aches terribly towards the end of a long day of seven or eight hours' work. Don't mention this to the pater, as it might worry him. I shall work on to the end, but if the strain gets too much it might be a sound plan for me to go on the Modern Side next term. You might mention this casually to the pater. I must stop now, as the prayer-bell is ringing.—Your affec. son,

E. BUMPLEIGH.

No. III.

THE LIMES,
WALLOW-IN-THE-WEALD, SURREY,
Aujourd'hui.

DEAR EGGIE,—Many happy returns. I have spent all my dress allowance, so I can't do much in the way of a present, I'm afraid; but I send a P.O. for 2/6. You got a pretty bad half-term report, my dear. Breakfast that morning *was* a cheery meal. I got hold of it afterwards and read it, and certainly you seem to have been getting into hot water all round. By the way, I see you have got some new masters at Grandwich, judging by the initials on your report. I know 'V. K.' and 'O. P. H.': they are Killick and Higginson, aren't they? But who are 'A. C. N.' and 'M. P. G.'?—Your affec. sister,

BARBARA.

(*Reply.*)

Nov. 7.

DEAR BABS,—Thanks ever so much for the 2/6. It is most welcome, as the pater only sent ten bob, being shirty about my report; and the mater another. Still, I haven't heard from Aunt Deborah yet: she usually comes down hansom on my birthday. The new masters you mean are A. C. Newton and M. P. Gainford. I don't think either of them would take very kindly to you. Newton is an International, so he won't have much use for girls. Gainford is rather a snipe, and has been married for years and years. But I'll tell you if any more new ones come. I am making a last effort to get on to the Mods. next term—about fed up with Higgie.—Your affec. brother,

E. BUMPLEIGH.

No. IV.

THE SCHOOL HOUSE,
OAKSHOTT SCHOOL, BUCKS,
Monday.

DEAR EGGSTER,—Well, old sport, how goes it? Just remembered it is your birthday, so sent you 9d. in stamps—all I have but 2d. How is your mangy school? Wait till our XV. plays you on the 18th! What ho!—Your affec. brother,

J. BUMPLEIGH.

Just had a letter from the pater about my half-term report. He seems in a fairly rotten state.

(*Reply.*)

Nov. 7.

DEAR MOPPY,—Thanks awfully for the 9d. I am about broke, owing to my half-term report coinsiding with my birthday. Putrid luck, I call it. Still, Aunt Deborah hasn't weighed in yet. All right, send along your bandy-legged XV., and we will return them to you knock-kneed. I must stop now, as we are going to rag a man's study for wearing a dicky.—Your affec. brother,

E. BUMPLEIGH.

No. V.

THE LABURNUMS, SURBITON,
Monday, Nov. 6th.

MY DEAR NEPHEW,—Another year has gone by, and once more I am reminded that my little godson is growing up to man's estate. Your fifteenth birthday! And I remember when you were only—(*Here Master Egbert skips three sheets and comes to the last page of the letter*). . . . I am sending you a birthday present—something of greater value than usual. It is a handsome and costly edition of *Forty Years of Missionary Endeavour in Eastern Polynesia*, recently published. The author has actually signed his name upon the fly-leaf for you. Think of that! The illustrations are by an Associate of the Royal Academy. I hope you are well, and pursuing your studies diligently.—Your affectionate aunt,

DEBORAH SITWELL.

(*Reply.*)

Nov. 7.

DEAR AUNT DEBORAH,—Thank you very much for so kindly remembering my birthday. The book has just arrived, and I shall always look upon it as one of my most valued possessions. I will read it constantly—whenever I have time, in fact; but really after being in school hard at work for ten or twelve hours a-day, one is more inclined for bed than books, even one on such an absorbing subject as this. I am much interested in Missionary Endeavours, and help them in every way I can. We are having a sermon on the subject next Sunday. There is to be a collection, and I intend to make a special effort.—Your affec. nephew,

E. BUMPLEIGH.

. . . . . .

Extract from the Catalogue of the Killickite House Library, Grandwich School: *Forty Years of Missionary Endeavour in Eastern Polynesia.* Presented by E. Bumpleigh, Nov. 8.

(*To be continued.*)

A TUDOR ARMY.

II. DEFENSIVE.

THE army which resisted invasion in 1545 was raised in accordance with the old English methods of defence, originating in Anglo-Saxon times, long before the establishment of the Feudal System in our island. The principles underlying it were, first, that every man of military age was liable to serve without reward in the defence of the land; and secondly, that it was the duty of every such man to be in possession of weapons suitable to his rank, and to know how to use them. The commanders, as in Saxon times, were the natural leaders of the people, the local landowners and the territorial officials appointed by the Crown. The Feudal System of land tenure on condition of military service had not therefore inaugurated this militia; it had merely incorporated it, and its decay, an accomplished fact by the sixteenth century, was not the cause of the decline of the old English army. The latter was still efficient in the reign of Henry VIII. for the purpose for which it was intended, home defence, while for foreign aggression the feudal army had already been supplanted by the force described in the previous paper. England, as the events of 1545 were to prove, was still a military nation relying on the valour of all its ordinary citizens. France, with which it was now to measure its strength, had scarcely yet become one. The French peasant, infinitely more servile in status than the free English bowman, was not to be trusted against the latter in the field, as many a fight on his own ground had shown; and the French armies of this warlike period were largely composed of alien mercenaries — Swiss, Italian, and German, the nobility and their personal retainers forming the only considerable native ingredient. The contrast is emphasised by the fact that England was able to hold Calais for two centuries and Boulogne for six years. In view of the facts now to be set forth, it is hard to believe that if the French had been able to seize Portsmouth in 1545 they would have been allowed to retain it for as many months.

When the Emperor concluded his sudden peace with Francis I. at Crespy in September 1544, the position of England became one of great danger. The military forces which her opponent had been employing on his German, Italian, and Spanish frontiers were now free to fall upon a single enemy, and the warships which had been engaged in the Mediterranean were also put in motion towards the Channel. The ruined defences

of Boulogne had to be reconstructed in desperate haste. Those of the Scottish Border and the Calais Pale also needed the expenditure of much money and labour to render them proof against a serious onslaught. As the winter months elapsed the situation became more threatening. Francis was fixed in his determination to wipe out the dishonour of Boulogne. The Pope was at his back with offers of material aid. And Charles V., although anxious to remain neutral, was almost forced by the course of events into a declaration of war against his late ally.

The cause of his irritation was the injury suffered by his Spanish and Flemish subjects from the ill-defined condition of the rights of neutrals in a maritime war. The English mariners and shipowners, abandoning largely their legitimate occupation, took out letters of marque and ravaged the commerce of France. Their contention was that French goods, wherever found, rendered the ship which contained them a fair prize. And soon the southern seaports were crowded with Flemish and Spanish merchantmen captured on suspicion of carrying French-owned merchandise. The aggrieved parties were clamorous in their complaints to their own rulers, declaring that no justice was to be obtained in the English Admiralty Court; and indeed there was little chance of recovering any property which had once fallen into the rapacious hands of the privateers, for it was straightway "drunk out, diced, carded out, spent upon raiment and other things impossible ever to be had again," before the slow process of the law had even taken cognisance of the offence. The Emperor's only remedy, short of war, was to arrest the persons and sequestrate the effects of all English merchants in Spain and the Low Countries. The result was to reduce matters to a condition little distinguishable from war itself. As the summer approached, Henry saw that his country would inevitably be exposed to invasion from France and Scotland, and possibly from the Imperial dominions as well.

The first condition of such a project was that France should be able to concentrate in the Channel a fleet superior to that of her foe. This condition Francis immediately took measures to fulfil. All the available ships of his northern and western ports were ordered to be equipped for war. The yards of Rouen and his new port of Havre de Grace were busy with new construction. In addition, a fleet of twenty-five galleys was ordered round from Marseilles, bringing with them, by fair means or foul, all the large Italian merchantmen to be met with in the Mediterranean. Two Venetians of 500 tons apiece were captured in the Channel and converted into warships in the Seine dockyards. Against this great force Henry could send his own royal navy, much enlarged in recent

years, and the merchantmen of his subjects. His sole ally was the Hanseatic League, which sold him several good vessels in his time of need, including the famous *Jesus of Lubeck*, built in 1544. From this source he obtained also plentiful supplies of masts, cordage, canvas, and saltpetre. But in spite of all efforts it became evident that in material strength his fleet could not hope to rival that of France. His ships were manned by a strict impressment of mariners and fishermen, those only being exempt who were serving in privateers. Their wages were increased from 5s. to 6s. 8d. per month in addition to victuals.[1]

The fleet being insufficient to prevent invasion, it was necessary to survey the coasts and their defences. Some years before, at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries, the Catholic powers had threatened armed intervention, and a thorough fortification of the south and east coasts had been carried out. Castles, blockhouses, and batteries had been erected at all points where a landing was deemed possible. These, with older forts and others of more recent construction, were now manned and put in repair. When the crisis arrived, some forty-one garrisons, large and small, were on the watch from Fowey to Berwick. Many of these defences still survive. Camber Castle, which guarded the entrance to Rye Haven, is typical of those of medium size. It consists of a high circular central tower overlooking five lower ones disposed in a ring around it and linked by connecting walls. Numerous guns were mounted in each. The smaller blockhouses bore some resemblance to martello towers, and "bulwarks" were constructed of timber faced with earth. Portsmouth, Dover, and Hull were fortresses of more elaborate design, capable of standing a regular siege.[2]

The purpose of the coast defences was to offer sufficient resistance to a landing force to give time to the militia to muster at the threatened point. Arrangements were made for calling it out at the shortest possible notice. The whole country was divided into four military districts. The nine northern counties were to look towards Scotland, and Hertford was again sent down as Lieutenant of the North, with orders to prepare a levy of 30,000 men. He reported that 60,000 were available, but that less than half were armed. On this account the northern militia was limited to 27,000, and a force of mercenaries was sent to the Border to supply the deficit.[3] The East Midlands and East Anglia formed the second district, under the

[1] Letters and Papers, xx., Pt. I., No. 83.

[2] Sir J. D. Mackenzie's 'Castles of England' gives particulars of many of these coast defences. A few others not mentioned in that work are traceable in the State Papers.

[3] Letters and Papers, xx., Pt. I., Nos. 555 and 513.

command of the Duke of Norfolk. His twelve counties supplied 30,261 armed men, the largest contingent being that of Essex, 5103, and the smallest those of Huntingdon, 780, and Rutland, 235. Kent, Sussex, and Hants formed the section of coast entrusted to the Duke of Suffolk, and to back them he could draw upon the strength of London (2000 men), Surrey, Middlesex, Bucks, Berks, Oxon, Wilts, Worcester, and Hereford, amounting in all to 32,394. Lord Russell, Lord Privy Seal, commanded the south-western counties, together with Gloucester and Wales (8000 men). His total force was 27,476. Thus, exclusive of mercenaries, of the Navy, and of the permanent garrisons of the Borders, the coast defences, Calais and Boulogne, the armed manhood of the country numbered 117,131 men.[1]

The whole of this force was not actually embodied, for the invasion fell upon the south coast only, and was not pressed seriously enough to require more than the local levies for its repulse. On account of the disturbance to industry, the actual mustering was deferred until the enemy should be at hand. The conditions of service were somewhat different from those of an army for use abroad. Although the militiaman was expected to find his own weapons—and if the Government provided them payment was exacted—he received no uniform, conduct money, or wages of any description. The authorities of each shire were furthermore charged with the duty of seeing that their several contingents were properly victualled. Thus this army involved comparatively little expense to the Government, whose resources were sufficiently strained by expenditure on mercenaries, fleet, and garrisons.

The business of organisation involved an immense amount of work to the King and his lieutenants of all degrees. The documents show that everything went with reasonable smoothness, mainly because the executive powers were not overcentralised. The readiness with which landowners, mayors, and magistrates undertook, as a matter of course, duties with which they had no everyday acquaintance is especially noteworthy. There were no signs of indifference or desire to shirk responsibility. The squire collected horses and waggons, and drilled his tenants; the justice received supplies of grain and fodder; the merchant in Flanders or Germany deserted his ordinary business in order to buy up hackbuts and gunpowder for the King; and even the Archbishop of Canterbury raised a battery of artillery for the defence of Kent. The whole mass of papers dealing with the war furnishes but one solitary instance of recalcitrance to the demand of duty. And with all this it should be borne in mind that Henry's policy was by no means understood by even the best instructed of

[1] These armies are described in 'Letters and Papers,' xx., Pt. I., No. 1078.

his subjects outside the Privy Council. To the masses it was a war attended by much loss and inconvenience, and in which there was no apparent advantage to be gained. But the people placed implicit trust in their King, and were content to leave matters in his hands.

To supplement his native troops Henry engaged a few thousand Spanish and Italian mercenaries. That he did so is no proof that he was convinced of their superiority. Hertford, it is true, was a great believer in firearms as opposed to the bow, and was constantly demanding hackbuteers for the defence of the Border. But the King himself had an additional motive for showing favour to the foreign captains. The withdrawal of the Emperor from the war, and the ensuing disbandment of his armies, had thrown large numbers of professional soldiers out of employment. They were willing to offer their services to either of the remaining belligerents, and it was as much to deprive Francis of their aid as for any other reason that Henry opened negotiations with their leaders. The Spaniards and Italians had a very high opinion of the English King, and desired nothing more than to receive his wages. A corps of 1500 Spaniards was sent to the Border early in the year, and others were retained on the southern coast and at Boulogne.[1] But it is noticeable that for every man actually engaged at least three others were kept in play by protracted negotiations until the crisis had passed. This was particularly the case with the Italians. Edmond Harvel, the English envoy at Venice, was inundated with offers of service. It was, he said, "as though all Italy were under your Majesty's empire and at his commandment." Money was sent to him for judicious distribution as retaining fees; but in the end few of the Italians ever came to England. The Emperor refused to grant them passage through Germany, and, although Henry professed extreme indignation, it is open to doubt if he was entirely sincere. At any rate the French were deprived of their assistance until the campaign of 1545 was decided.

The loyalty of the mercenaries was not always to be depended upon. Two Spanish captains at Calais deserted with their men to the French, and another was detected and slain in a similar attempt. Those in the Boulogne garrison caused some anxiety to Lord Poynings, the commander, and at Berwick they were very insistent for their pay, and picked quarrels with the inhabitants.

Although the Emperor refused passage to the mercenaries, he made no objection to the purchase of warlike stores in his dominions. English agents transmitted armour, hackbuts, and gunpowder from

[1] In a letter of April 13, 1545, Henry spoke of sending 4000 Almains to the Border, in addition to the Spaniards, but as there is no further mention of these troops, it seems doubtful whether they were actually engaged.

the Netherlands, and pike-staves and bow-staves from the Hanse towns. From the latter also quantities of grain and fish were imported. The victualling of Boulogne and Calais was a constant charge upon these resources, as was also that of the northern forces, the Border districts not being able to support an army for any length of time.

The estimated expenditure for the year's campaign was that during the months of February, March, April, and May the army and fleet would cost £15,000 per month. This would be increased to £21,000 for June, July, August, and September, and would fall to £10,000 in October, November, December, and January. The total cost of a year's defensive warfare would thus amount to £184,000.[1] Boulogne proved an expensive acquisition, its garrison needing £8000 a month, nearly three times the cost of that of Calais.

For money Henry was still dependent on foreign loans as well as on what he could obtain from his subjects. The last Parliament had granted a subsidy payable by the end of 1545. The collection of this sum had to be anticipated by several months. It was not thought advisable to summon another Parliament when an invasion was impending, for the persons of whom it would be composed were fully employed in preparing the militia in their several districts. It was determined, therefore, to collect a benevolence from the wealthy. A frank appeal was issued by the Privy Council, setting forth the peril of the country and the vast expenses necessary for defence. The demand was met in an entirely satisfactory manner. In all quarters the commissioners found the utmost cheerfulness and goodwill. Sir Anthony Browne, the collector for Surrey, wrote that the people, although poor, had so willingly and largely contributed that he could do no less than report it. To another agent the contributors said, "If this be too little, his Grace shall have more." Parish churches were required to yield up all their plate in excess of one silver chalice, and it was reckoned that the benevolence would produce much more than a parliamentary subsidy.

Alderman Richard Reed of London alone refused to pay, and was dealt with in a manner which is typical of Tudor methods. Charles I. would have sent him to the Tower and made a constitutional martyr of him. Not so Henry VIII. Since he would not pay for others to do his fighting for him, he must needs fight himself. On January 27 the luckless alderman set out for the Border, the bearer of an explanatory letter to Sir Ralph Evers, the Warden of the Middle Marches.

"As, for the defence of the realm and himself, he would not disburse a little of his substance, the King thought that he should do some

[1] Letters and Papers, xx., Pt. I., No. 674.

service with his body; and for that purpose sends him to your school, as you shall perceive by such letters as he shall deliver unto you there, to serve as a soldier, and yet both he and his men at his own charge. In any enterprise against the enemies he is to ride and do as the other soldiers do in all things, that he may know what pains other poor soldiers abide, and feel the smart of his folly. Use him after the sharp discipline militar of the northern wars."[1]

Evers was certainly a schoolmaster to teach repentance to such a subject, but the alderman was less than a month under his charge. On February 27 the Warden was slain at Ancrum Moor, and his protégé disappears from view as a prisoner taken by the Scots in the same action.

During this winter events on the Borders, as elsewhere, turned to the disadvantage of England. The summer and autumn of 1544 had seen a successful pursuance of the merciless policy of ravaging deep into the Lowlands. The summary of results from July 2 to November 17 shows the following totals: Towns, towers, &c., burnt, 192; Scots slain, 403, prisoners, 816; cattle captured, 10,886; sheep, 12,492; horses, 1296; with other miscellaneous damage. At the end of February the Warden of the Middle Marches planned an exceptionally far-reaching excursion. Relying upon certain "assured Scots," who had entered the English service, he penetrated to Jedburgh, from which place the Governor Arran retreated before him to Melrose. Evers entered and sacked the abbey, desecrating, according to the Scottish chroniclers, the tombs of the Douglases. Then, doubtless encumbered with booty, he began his homeward march. At Ancrum Moor Arran's men overtook him, an ambush shook the confidence of his troops, the "assured Scots" went over to the enemy, and his army broke up in hopeless rout. Sir Ralph was killed upon the field, and his body was identified by a prisoner. "God have mercy on him," said Arran as he stood over it, "for he was a fell cruel man, and over cruel, which many a man and fatherless bairn might rue." The consequence of the disaster was a temporary cessation of the English depredations and a partial undoing of the moral effect of Hertford's expedition of the previous year. Thus encouraged, the Scots began to think of invading England in the coming summer if France could be induced to lend substantial aid.

From Boulogne came better news. At the end of January a French army appeared on the western side of the haven and attempted to plant batteries which should make it untenable for English ships. After watching these proceedings for about a fortnight, the English garrison, with assistance from that of Calais, issued forth and drove the enemy in ignominious rout from his camp. Lord Lisle was at that time commanding Boulogne, but was shortly afterwards recalled to lead the fleet. He was replaced

[1] Letters and Papers, xx., Pt. I., No. 98.

by Lord Poynings, who took two outlying castles from the French, and more than held his own. The plague, indeed, as he reported, was a greater enemy than the French. Great pains were taken to render the conquest secure. A large stock of victuals was maintained, and all non-combatants were expelled from the town.

As the summer of 1545 drew near, Henry began to glean more accurate intelligence of the plans of his enemies. As finally determined, they were as follows: While a great fleet of fighting ships was concentrating in the Seine ports, a smaller one, mainly of transports, was to sail from Brest up the Irish Sea to Glasgow, and there to disembark a French force which should put backbone into a Scottish invasion of the north of England. On the return of these ships to Havre the French Admiral, D'Annebault, was to sail for Portsmouth, land an army of 10,000 men and take the town, or failing that, at least to seize the Isle of Wight. In the meanwhile Francis I. in person was to press forward the siege of Boulogne, cut off from English aid by the French superiority at sea.[1] The only part of this design of which Henry failed to obtain intelligence was the destination of D'Annebault's great armada from Havre. There were equally good reasons for expecting its appearance at Plymouth, Portsmouth, Dover, the Thames, or on the East Anglian coast. Indeed at one time it was rumoured that the landing would be effected in the neighbourhood of Tynemouth, when the whole system of the Border defences would have been taken between two fires. It was on this account that the militia was organised in four armies, and that so much anxious care was bestowed upon the coast defences.

Early in May Norfolk set out on a tour of inspection of the coasts of his command. Lowestoft and Yarmouth, he reported, were suitable places for a landing, and their defences were weak. The townsfolk, however, were busily engaged in strengthening the fortifications at their own expense. Everywhere the Duke found an excellent spirit among the people. The mariners were nearly all serving in the fleet. The militia, whom he reviewed, were full of ardour. "My lord," they said, "if they come, for God's sake bring us between the sea and them, that we may fight with them ere they get their ships again." Passing on to Essex he found little to be feared there, for the country was so intersected with hedges and ditches that "an army royal" would find it a most unpleasant country to fight in. On the whole, Norfolk was of

[1] A detailed account of the campaign, written from the French side, is given in the Memoirs of Martin Du Bellay (ed. Michaud et Poujoulat, Paris, 1838). On all important points it is corroborated by the English papers.

opinion that there was little likelihood of success for a serious invasion of East Anglia, although raids might have to be reckoned with.

Similar duties occupied the Duke of Suffolk and the Lord Privy Seal. The former was most concerned about Kent and the islands of Thanet and Sheppey. The coast of Kent was allotted in sections to different commanders, the flanks of each resting on the fortresses, which were more numerous here than in any other county. The beacons and buoys marking the channels of the Thames estuary were removed, and when this had been done the pilots asserted that no foreigner would dare to lead a fleet round the North Foreland. Farther west the fortifications of Portsmouth, on which Sir Anthony Knyvett had been working hard for the past two years, were at last complete, and within its harbour Lord Lisle was gathering the navy, manned by upwards of 12,000 men. In Cornwall and Devon the privateers, as they came into port, were warned to hold themselves in readiness to join the main fleet under the Admiral when need should arise. Few of them, however, actually arrived in time for the earliest fighting.

To spread rapidly the news of a landing a uniform system of beacons was devised. They were placed along the coast in pairs, attended day and night by watchmen. If ten or more French ships were sighted near the shore one beacon was to be fired. The second was to be lighted if the enemy actually landed. The militia were only to be called out in the latter event. From the coast the beacon system spread inland from hill to hill to the most distant recesses of the country. So efficient was it that the men of Worcestershire were on the march within a very short time after the approach of the French was signalled at Portsmouth.

By midsummer all preparations were complete, and nothing remained but to attend the enemy's convenience. England was armed at all points and could await with confidence whatever might befall. There was indeed no cause for undue anxiety. Boulogne was victualled for several months. The boasted French succours to Scotland in reality numbered less than 3000 men, and the great fleet at Havre could scarcely hope to gain more than a temporary command of the sea, for the English, while fewer in numbers, were of better quality, and the design of the battleships of the period was such that any protracted absence from harbour was certain to produce a crop of casualties. With such vessels a sustained blockade was impossible, and with one fleet in port and the other at sea the disparity in force decreased day by day. Above all, Henry VIII. could reflect that his lieutenants were without exception tried and courageous men, whose single-minded patriotism none could question. Of his own servants the French King could hardly say as much. Throughout the campaign D'Annebault found his plans persistently

thwarted by a powerful faction in his master's court. The real danger to England was financial rather than military, and the war ere long developed into a trial of wealth between the two countries, from which England emerged victorious but exhausted.

Having finished his work in the capital Henry set out on July 4 to visit his southern counties and encourage their defenders by appearing in person at the point of danger. On July 15 he reached Portsmouth, where he intended to remain for ten or twelve days inspecting the works and the fleet. The Privy Council, or such of its members as were not serving at other places, attended the sovereign, and held daily meetings at Portsmouth from the 15th onwards.[1] In spite of all the efforts of English spies, the French commanders had kept their secret well, and Henry had no inkling of the intended point of attack. Nevertheless there was no trace of panic or confusion when the foremost ships of the enemy's fleet were seen rounding St Helen's Point on the afternoon of July 18. The King, who was dining in the cabin of the *Henry Grace à Dieu*, went ashore to take command of the land forces, and the beacons flamed to north, east, and west, their warning that the great moment had arrived.

On the following day, the sailing ships lying motionless for lack of wind, the French galleys came forward and cannonaded the fleet in Portsmouth Harbour. In the afternoon a breeze sprang up, and the galleys hastily retired with Lord Lisle's small craft in pursuit. D'Annebault soon realised that the works of Portsmouth were too strong to be stormed, and that a siege with all the forces of England converging on his camp would end in disaster. He therefore fell back upon his alternative instructions, and landed his troops in the Isle of Wight. Henry and his Council, being luckily at the critical point, were able to issue instructions with the minimum of delay. On July 20, orders were sent to Plymouth and other western ports that the privateers were to make all speed to Portsmouth to reinforce the fleet. Word was then sent to the forces of Wiltshire, Oxfordshire, Berkshire, and Surrey to march to the King's aid. Part of the men of Sussex were to line the coast, and the remainder were also to make for Portsmouth. On the day following the despatch of these orders, messengers posted off to London to tell the Mayor to set in motion the 2000 soldiers of the capital, and the officials at the Tower to send down all the spare ordnance and ammunition in that fortress. Thus, counting the levies of Hampshire, who were already at hand, the King could expect 16,000 armed men at Portsmouth before the French had landed a

[1] The Council's transactions from May 10 onwards are recorded in vol. i. of the 'Acts of the Privy Council.'

single soldier on the mainland.

The occupation of the Isle of Wight lasted less than twenty-four hours. Three separate columns landed and pushed into the interior; all suffered loss from ambushed bowmen, and were glad to return to the shore. In the meanwhile reinforcements streamed over to Cowes and the western end of the Isle, and before long there were 8000 defenders, in face of whom it became impossible to carry out the plan of throwing up earthworks and leaving permanent garrisons to hold the place, as some set-off to Boulogne. D'Annebault soon saw that nothing was to be gained by lingering before Portsmouth. A landing was not to be thought of, while the state of his victuals and the epidemics raging in his crowded ships precluded any design of maintaining the blockade long enough to enable Boulogne to be starved out. Henry and his commanders had an excellent appreciation of the value of time. They knew exactly how long the supplies of Boulogne would last, and they meant to go out and fight D'Annebault as soon as their western ships arrived. Consequently the French Admiral could but realise that the great plan had failed. His fleet set sail and disappeared to the eastwards on July 24.

Ranging along the Sussex coast, and seeking some opportunity to do service which should justify him to his master, D'Annebault landed a force at Seaford on the following day. Instantly the beacons spread the news over all Sussex, and a messenger spurred into Kent, his letter addressed: "To the justyces of the shyre of Kent. Hast, hast, post hast, for thy lyff, hast." From every hundred the militia bands raced for first blood, and before the landing-party could regain their ships, such a storm of arrows smote them that few lived to tell the tale. This last experience was decisive. D'Annebault sailed for his own coast and disembarked his soldiers to assist in the siege of Boulogne. Early in August he was again at sea, and the fleets met on the afternoon of the 15th off Shoreham. An attack of the galleys was beaten off with loss, and Lisle anchored to prepare for a general action with the great ships on the following day. Once again, and this time finally, D'Annebault shirked the issue. When morning dawned his fleet was almost out of sight. He returned to Havre, paid off his crews, now decimated by plague and typhus, and left the English in undisputed command of the Channel.

When the French disappeared from Portsmouth the English Government was not slow to realise the significance of the fact. On the 23rd the Council had been ordering up men and supplies. On the 25th they wrote to countermand the march of the London men. Next day they disbanded those of Sussex and Hampshire,

except such as were serving in the Wight. At the end of the month the latter also were sent home. The levies of Oxford, Berks, Wilts, and Worcester had not reached the scene of action when they too were ordered to disband. In comparison with the importance of the service done, the cost of resisting the invasion must have been very low.

During these events Hertford had been watchful in the north. The Scottish Privy Council adopted a resolution on June 28 to call out all subjects of military age to meet on Roslin Moor on that day month. Money had been brought by Lorges Montgomery, the commander of the forces from France, and a "main invasion" of England was determined upon. Hertford was cognisant of all these intentions, but took a very cool view of them. On July 22 he wrote that the Scots were keeping their rendezvous, and that he was sending all his mercenaries to the Border. He would not, however, levy the militia to repel a mere raid, but would first see whether serious business was meant. He had judged truly. The invasion was never launched, and the English commander himself took the offensive in September, when a fresh catalogue of destruction, including seven monasteries, five market towns, and 243 villages, testified to the ferocity of Border warfare.

Of the four divisions of the army of 1545, only one had been actually mustered for defence. It had been so manifestly equal to its task that there had been no need to call upon the remainder. With its disbandment there came to an end a long and glorious period in English military history. Since the longbow had first proved its worth at Falkirk, some two hundred and fifty years had elapsed. Its use had made the medieval English armies unique and pre-eminent, and had probably done more to develop the Englishman's character than had any political machinery. For the bow was a weapon which demanded intelligence, constant practice, and craftsmanship of the highest order. A good bowman was no slave, but a self-respecting man, who knew his worth, and took pride in the fact that the alien could not emulate his skill. Hugh Latimer describes how a yeoman's son was early trained to the national sport: "My father was delighted to teach me to shoot with the bow. He taught me how to draw, how to lay my body to the bow, not to draw with the strength of arm as other nations do, but with the strength of the body." Truly it may be said that the longbow was a better breeder of free men than ever the ballot-box has been.

And now the ancient weapon was at the end of its great days. In the reign of Henry VIII. few had been found to disparage it. In the very year of the invasion, Roger Ascham, then a stout archer of twenty-eight, published his 'Toxophilus,' a dialogue in which the argument is all in favour of the bow, followed by minute in-

structions for training in its use.[1] The King in person received a copy from his hand in the gallery at Greenwich, and public opinion was undoubtedly on the same side. But in the second half of the sixteenth century a great craze of admiration for everything foreign swept over England, in conjunction, strangely enough, with the most aggressive manifestation of national feeling which had yet been seen. Foreign military ideas came in with the new passion for studying the classics and foreign literature. Cæsar and Alexander had not won their battles with the bow, neither had the Great Captain and Charles the Fifth. It was absurd, therefore, for Englishmen to cling to the old ideas. Their infantry must be ranged in trim regiments of musketeers and pikemen in just proportion. Their horse must be armed with the new wheel-lock pistols to be used in preference to sword or lance. The good archer was no longer the man of worship he had been of yore, his weapon was discredited, and a generation arose which had forgotten the ancient art. Once lost it could never again revive. The change was extremely rapid. By 1588, the next occasion on which it was necessary to raise a national army, the archer had entirely disappeared in certain counties, and was rapidly going in the rest.

With the longbow went the efficacy of the old English militia. The peasant, who loved a simple weapon, which gave scope to whatever fineness of nerve and eye and muscle he had in him, had no enthusiasm for the complicated and expensive musket, and for the pedantic precision of drill which his new foreign-trained captains required. The army of 1588 was incomparably less efficient than that of 1545, as many of its leaders in their hearts admitted. The musketeer of that date had no training in the use of his weapon; he carried his powder loose in his pockets, and frequently fired off his ramrod in front of his bullet. His moral was sapped by the consciousness that he was an inferior imitation of what he had no desire to be—a professional soldier of fortune. For nearly a century England continued to graft the new weapons and drill on to the old organisation. It was a period of naval activity and military quiescence, or the fallacy would have been detected earlier. It remained for Cromwell to realise that, having thrown away the old and adopted half the new, the country must complete the process. The triumph of his New Model at Naseby marks the opening of the ascendancy of the regular soldier in our military affairs.

JAMES A. WILLIAMSON.

[1] Two other military books of the period are of interest: 'The Stratagems, Sleights, and Policies of War,' translated from the Latin by Richard Morysine, 1539; and 'An Order which a Prince in Battayle must observe,' anonymous, *c.* 1540-5. The former consists mainly of illustrations from the classics. The latter is a collection of political, strategical, and tactical maxims which throw some light on obscure accounts of actions of the period.

BLIND MOONE OF LONDON.

BY ALFRED NOYES.

(*"Dispersed through Shakespeare's plays are innumerable little fragments of ballads, the entire copies of which could not be recovered. Many of these are of the most beautiful and pathetic simplicity."*)

BLIND MOONE of London
He fiddled up and down,
Thrice for an angel,
And twice for a crown.
He fiddled at the *Green Man*,
He fiddled at the *Rose;*
And where they have buried him
Not a soul knows.

All his tunes are dead and gone, dead as yesterday.
And his lanthorn flits no more
Round the *Devil Tavern* door,
Waiting till the gallants come, singing from the play;
Waiting in the wet and cold!
All his Whitsun tales are told.
He is dead and gone, sirs, very far away.

He would not give a silver groat
For good or evil weather.
He carried in his white cap
A long red feather.
He wore a long coat
Of the Reading-tawny kind,
And darned white hosen
With a blue patch behind.

So—one night—he shuffled past, in his buckled shoon.
We shall never see his face,
Twisted to that queer grimace,
Waiting in the wind and rain, till we called his tune;
Very whimsical and white,
Waiting on a blue Twelfth Night!
He is grown too proud at last—old blind Moone.

Yet, when May was at the door,
And Moone was wont to sing,
Many a maid and bachelor
Whirled into the ring:
Standing on a tilted wain
He played so sweet and loud,
The Mayor forgot his golden chain
And jigged it with the crowd.

Old blind Moone, his fiddle scattered flowers along the street;
Into the dust of Brookfield Fair
Carried a shining primrose air,
Crooning like a poor mad maid, O, very low and sweet,
Drew us close, and held us bound,
Then—to the tune of *Pedlar's Pound*,
Caught us up, and whirled us round, a thousand frolic feet.

Master Shakespeare was his host.
The tribe of Benjamin
Used to call him Merlin's Ghost
At the Mermaid Inn.
He was only a crowder,
Fiddling at the door.
Death has made him prouder.
We shall not see him more.

Only—if you listen, please—through the master's themes,
You shall hear a wizard strain,
Blind and bright as wind and rain
Shaken out of willow-trees, and shot with elfin gleams.
How should I your true love know?
Scraps and snatches—even so!
That is old blind Moone again, fiddling in your dreams.

Once, when Will had called for sack
And bidden him up and play,
Old blind Moone, he turned his back,
Growled, and walked away;
Sailed into a thunder-cloud,
Snapped his fiddle-string,
And hobbled from *The Mermaid*
Sulky as a king.

Only from the darkness now, steals the strain we knew:
No one even knows his grave!
Only here and there a stave,
Out of all his hedge-row flock, be-drips the may with dew.
And I know not what wild bird
Carried us his parting word:—
Master Shakespeare needn't take the crowder's fiddle, too.

Will has wealth and wealth to spare.
Give him back his own.
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.
See his little lanthorn-spark.
Hear his ghostly tune,
Glimmering past you, in the dark,
Old blind Moone!

All the little crazy brooks, where love and sorrow run
Crowned with sedge and singing wild,
Like a sky-lark—or a child!—
Old blind Moone he knew their springs, and played 'em every one;
Stood there, in the darkness, blind,
And sang them into Shakespeare's mind. . . .

Old blind Moone of London, O now his songs are done,
The light upon his lost white face, they say it was the sun!

The light upon his poor old face, they say it was the sun!

THE CARE OF THE WOUNDED IN WAR.

BY MAJOR F. A. SYMONS, M.B., R.A.M.C.

AT the moment of writing the United Kingdom is practically being converted into a preparatory hospital of a magnitude which fills one with speculation. It is undoubtedly wiser to overdo our preparations than to underestimate our requirements. The amateurs, whose generous efforts to prepare for the worst are being advertised broadcast, deserve every praise. At the same time one cannot help but wonder if the stay-at-home English public have any idea as to the official measures taken in the field for the care of the sick and wounded.

In preparing for the treatment of the wounded one must, if possible, have some idea as to what the likely requirements are to be. How many wounded are to be expected from each engagement? To the uninitiated this question seems unanswerable. In a sense, of course, it is unanswerable. And yet it is upon definite figures of probabilities that all the regulations of the army in the field are based.

Let us take an army division as our unit for study. A division in war comprises, of all arms, some 18,000 men. Statistics, based on all great previous wars, point to certain average facts. It is obvious that it is only the probable upon which our anticipatory arrangements can be based. What, then, are the statistics known regarding the wounded of a division in a great battle?

Out of this 18,000 men only about three-fifths will be actually engaged with the enemy. The remainder, employed in various non-fighting capacities for the moment, become for the purposes of calculation a negligible quantity. Say that 10,000 men are engaged. Of these, 10 per cent must be expected to become casualties—*i.e.*, 1000. Of this 1000, 20 per cent will be killed. This leaves us 800 to deal with. Of this 800, 20 per cent will be able to walk to what is called the Divisional Collecting Station. There, having received what surgical aid they require, they will remain until the end of the engagement, and then return for the remainder of their required treatment to their units; 640 are therefore left for admission to hospital; 60 per cent (of the 800) can be carried in the ambulance waggons, sitting up; 15 per cent will require lying-down accommodation; and 5 per cent will be unfit to be moved from the place where they fell.

It will readily be seen, therefore, that the Army Medical Service in the field starts forth with a fairly shrewd idea as to what it may be called upon to

face. In order to meet its liabilities, what, then, are the customary preparations of the medical service for a division? In other words, what is a wounded man to expect during his transit from the fighting line to a hospital in England during the war in which we are now engaged?

Let us start with the battalion of infantry. Each company boasts of two men, designated "regimental stretcher-bearers," who, having been trained in first-aid work, carry a stretcher. At the beginning of an action these bearers, under the command of the medical officer attached to the battalion, fall to the rear, and are located as the medical officer sees fit. A soldier falls, wounded. First-aid is at once applied by the bearers, and the wounded man carried to the shelter of a rock, ditch, or trees, close at hand. If the wound is particularly serious the medical officer intervenes. The latter cannot, however, be everywhere at once, and the battalion, in open order, may cover almost a mile of country.

In a pocket concealed in the left-hand skirt of the khaki jacket each officer and soldier carries a small packet, called a "first field dressing." This contains two bandages and two antiseptic pads in a hermetically sealed cover. One pad is for the entrance wound of a bullet, and the other for the exit wound (if any exists). More serious injuries, such as fractured legs, &c., must be treated later on when more time and more suitable opportunity permits, or if very urgent, by means of improvised rifle splints, &c., before moving the patient.

The regimental bearers, therefore, having deposited their wounded in temporary shelter, leave them there, and continue to advance in rear of the fighting line. The Field Ambulances of the Royal Army Medical Corps now take up the story.

There are three brigades in a division, and each of these is provided with one Field Ambulance. Such an ambulance consists of three sections, which may either work together or over separate zones. Each section is again subdivided into a bearer and tent subdivision. In action one tent subdivision is usually pushed forward as near the fighting line as safety will permit, in order to establish a Dressing Station.

From this station the bearer subdivisions, equipped with stretchers (four or six men to each), and supported by ambulance waggons (ten for each Field Ambulance), starts forth to search for wounded. In order to ensure that no wounded are missed, and also for the sake of avoiding overlapping, each Bearer Subdivision is appointed to a definite area of the fighting zone, marked out on the map. Covering, perhaps, miles of country, these bearers collect the wounded from the temporary "regimental aid posts," and convey them to a convenient rendezvous, called the "Collecting Station," which

consists of nothing more nor less than a group of ambulance waggons. At night lanterns are used. These waggons, having been completely loaded, proceed to the Dressing Station. It is here that wounds requiring it are dressed afresh, appliances more elaborate than the simple first field dressing may be used, and minor urgent operations performed.

The ambulance waggons again load up from the Dressing Station, and, finding the road, trek to the rear, until at some point, presumably out of shell fire, the full tent subdivisions of the Field Ambulance are found. Little red wooden arrows on posts point the road. The position chosen should be such that expansion is possible; there should be no artillery near at hand (to draw possible shell fire), and there should be good water available. The distance from the field is possibly three miles. In this tented unit are found tents sufficient to accommodate 150 wounded, and an operating tent. From the crossbar of a flagstaff floats a union jack on one side and a red-cross flag on the other during daylight. At night two white lights replace the flag.

A Field Ambulance encampment is not meant to accommodate wounded longer than is absolutely necessary. There is plenty of food, consisting of ordinary bread and meat rations, bovril, and other medical comforts, but there are no beds or even stretchers for the patients to lie upon. Waterproof groundsheets are the only luxury. This point, however, is not such a hardship as might be supposed, inasmuch as T. Atkins notoriously prefers to stretch himself on the ground rather than be confined to a stretcher.

As a Field Ambulance is essentially a mobile unit, and may be required to move forward at any hour with its advancing brigade, what is it to do with its wounded? It is possible that the latter may, under stress of circumstances, have to be retained for a day or so. Such a proceeding, however, would be exceptional. The wounded must be evacuated as rapidly as possible back towards the nearest railway — that is, towards some stationary hospital, or other, where some fixity of tenure is obtainable. The *modus operandi* of this evacuation of Field Ambulances opens up a question of modern warfare which is for the first time in real war to be tried now. It has been experimented with in connection with imaginary wounded during manœuvres, and it is decidedly the most interesting subject of transport and medical discussion up-to-date. In order to explain the plan, we must jump for the moment to a description of what is called a "Clearing Hospital."

Whilst each division possesses three Field Ambulances, it is provided with only one Clearing Hospital. This unit, constituted either of tents or suitable buildings, is expected to accommodate 200 patients,

and to be capable of expansion. Its sealed-pattern position is at the nearest rail-head. It contains no beds, but is provided with stretchers, rubber-tyred wheeled stretchers, and a very complete equipment of cooking and operating arrangements. Its object is merely to provide a dumping-ground for the Field Ambulances. And yet again it is not a stationary hospital, because, as the tide of war advances, it may also be required to advance at short notice. Its urgency, however, in no way compares with that of the Field Ambulances. If it is fortunate enough to be at the rail-head, it can dispose of its wounded by means of the Ambulance Trains direct. If, on the other hand, it has had to move forward in order to relieve the Field Ambulances, it must find its own transport through the intervention of the Inspector-General, Lines of Communications.

To return to the plan, still more or less theoretical, whereby the wounded on the evening of a day of battle are to be evacuated from the Field Ambulances to the Clearing Hospital.

At certain hours the Army Service Corps Supply motor-lorries are advertised to arrive at a fixed rendezvous (the "Refilling Point") from the rail-head with the rations for the following day. The brigade regimental waggons meet the lorries at that point and relieve the latter of the food supplies.

The Clearing Hospital, being warned of the hour of departure of these lorries from the rail-head, sends small parties of R.A.M.C. trained orderlies with them. The Field Ambulance having also been warned, carry their wounded, by means of their horse waggons, to the Refilling Point, and there load them into the returning empty motor lorries under the care of the Clearing Hospital staff sent forward. Stretchers and straw are provided, and the lorries can be made nearly as comfortable as a motor ambulance waggon. As these lorries convey food up to a distance of quite twenty-five miles from the rail-head, it will at once be seen how valuable their speed power is as compared with the old method of laborious and painful horse ambulance transport.

Discussions upon the utility of this lorry system, and also as to the most suitable locality in the scheme of things for the erection of the Clearing Hospital, have been waged deeply for the last couple of years, and much earnest thought has been given to the matter. The history of the present war will doubtless clear up many a disputed point.

Be it understood that every army medical unit carries tents. If more suitable accommodation can be discovered the tents are not erected. School-houses, churches, and other large airy buildings can often be found in civilised countries. Schools are the best, as they contain lavatory fixtures. Churches are deficient of both

lavatories and water. A medical unit in war is equipped with every detail likely to be required. If the country can supply better, well and good, but on mobilisation the country is depended upon for no single item except water.

To return to the chain of evacuation of wounded. From the Clearing Hospital the wounded are transferred direct to an Ambulance Train. This train is equipped for some 350 cases, is provided with well-appointed berths, a kitchen, food, and a trained nursing staff. Its duty is to run between the rail-head and the Base. If the lines of communications are long, it will probably be confined to but one section of the line.

Stationary Hospitals (tented or otherwise), each accommodating 200 cases, are located at suitable places on the line of rail. For cases which would seem likely to recover within a short time these Stationary Hospitals are very useful. They are, of course, equally useful for such cases as cannot stand a long journey to the Base.

The Base hospital (one, or many, according as the number of wounded demands) is called a General Hospital. It is equipped for 520 cases, possesses a staff of skilled operators, nursing orderlies of the Royal Army Medical Corps, and about forty nursing sisters. Except that it may be under canvas, or in improvised buildings, such a hospital is as well appointed as a first-class hospital in England. The patients who pass through its treatment either return, cured, to the front, or are despatched by means of Hospital Ships to the Home hospitals at Netley, &c. A General Hospital may be moved forward if the strain upon the Stationary Hospitals becomes too severe; but that is unlikely, as an unpacked General Hospital, held in reserve, would probably be despatched up-country, if required.

At certain points along the Lines of Communications are to be found "Advanced Depots of Medical Stores." Here it is that the various field units can obtain fresh medical and surgical equipment to replace wastage. The amount of such equipment would certainly astonish the person who had never seen a field medical unit at work. An operating tent, for instance, is provided with a modern operating table, up-to-date utensils, and elaborate sterilisers; and through a hole in the canvas projects a tube carrying acetylene gas from a generator outside, which supplies the great operating lamp. As I have already stated, nothing is left to chance. Every unit is worked out according to scale. Even the Hospital Ships are calculated for a fixed number of cases. There is one ship for each division, equipped with 220 beds, 20 of which are for officers.

In addition to all the foregoing arrangements, there is now in existence an organised Sanitary Service, consisting of Sanitary Sections and Squads under skilled sanitary officers

of the R.A.M.C. Their duties along the Lines of Communications can be easily imagined. As it is known that enteric fever and cholera can decimate an army as no bullets can do, the value of this modern effort of science to win battles by keeping the fighting men fit, rather than by curing them after they are stricken down, cannot be overestimated. Our soldiers are being inoculated against enteric fever before they start forth. This inoculation acts as a deterrent, and generally a preventative, for quite eighteen months. The British Army has had great experience of its value in India, and by its aid, assisted by modern sanitary ideas (inculcated since the South African War), we hope to keep the grim enteric bacillus at a distance. It is hoped that our allies will do likewise!

Having absorbed a rough and, of necessity, a somewhat sketchy idea of the organisation of a divisional medical equipment in war, let us, in imagination, conduct ourselves from front to base, as so many wounded officers and men will be called upon to do in reality.

The regiment was advancing in open order. Suddenly a shell from an enemy's battery bursts in front of us. The next moment I found myself on my face with my thigh torn by a piece of shell. For a few seconds I was alone. Presently, however, my two company bearers reached me.

"A compound fracture!" declared one of them, quickly dragging forth a first field dressing from the pocket in the skirt of my jacket, and tearing open its cover.

"Cut the trousers up, quickly!" ordered a voice over my shoulder.

I turned to see the regimental medical officer at my elbow.

"Here, drink this!" he said, holding forth a tin cup of some pungent stimulant, "and lie quite still."

Quickly and deftly my lacerated thigh was bandaged.

"Sorry we cannot stay with you," stated the medico, "but you'll be all right here under the shadow of the boulder where the others are. You will get your splints in before you are carried."

I must have fainted, for, on opening my eyes, I found myself one of a dozen wounded men lying in a secluded nook. The noise of shell and ping of bullets could be heard gradually lessening. Our troops were obviously advancing rapidly. A final shell or two burst overhead; then came a lull.

From out of a copse of trees on our left a stretcher party in the Royal Army Medical Corps uniform was seen advancing.

"A squad from the Field Ambulance," remarked one of the men by my side, waving his handkerchief tied to his rifle.

At the double the stretcher party crossed a quarter of a mile of open country. A few bullets ploughed up the ground

as they ran, but that did not stop them.

At a glance the senior orderly of the squad diagnosed my condition. By means of grass and bracken, splints were padded; bandages were abstracted from the surgical haversack he carried; a rifle was utilised as a long splint, a bayonet as a short splint, and my equipment straps as accessories.

With trained hands I was carefully lifted on to a stretcher. Then a journey of some half-mile across country was begun. Looking about me, I could see the hillside dotted with other stretcher parties, and near a road at the bottom half a dozen ambulance waggons awaited their freight.

A R.A.M.C. officer, galloping across the ground, directed us. Inquiring as to the nature of my injury, and noting the treatment afforded, he ordered the orderly to affix a tally with the information to one of my buttons.

The ambulance waggon reached, I was deposited therein, stretcher and all. When the waggon was full up with four stretchers, and as many cases sitting up, our journey to the Field Dressing Station began. The jolting was terrible, but I had long before realised that one cannot have war without suffering. In an agony of pain I wondered why one should be so jolted. It was not until much later I learned that all the carriage-builders' brains in England have failed to produce a waggon strong enough for war which would not jolt.

Close to a farmhouse, beneath sturdy elms, the waggon drew up. An officer, stepping into my field of vision, examined my leg and ordered me to be disembarked. A handful of tents met my gaze, and the pleasant smell of a wood fire permeated the atmosphere.

"You went into action shortly after daylight, and it is now ten o'clock," cried the officer. "Bring a bowl of soup and some bread, orderly! H'm, I don't think we need disturb these splints. After you have fed you will be much more comfortable in the Field Ambulance. It is erected in a village about three miles in rear, and you can get your dinner there. This is only the Dressing Station."

Gulping down the strong soup with all the greediness of a half-starved man, I felt much relieved. The main road had now been reached, and the waggons were expected to proceed more easily. With a word of encouragement from the medical officer, I was again entrusted to the waggon, and we moved off at a gentle trot.

It seemed hours before I again heard a surgeon's voice, but all the way the driver and R.A.M.C. orderly-in-charge kept up a running conversation with men by the roadside. These, I heard, were those who, through the slightness of their wounds, were compelled to walk back to a rendezvous called the Divisional Collecting Station. Their importunities to be picked up were disregarded, as our waggons

were already full of serious cases.

We reached the Field Ambulance at last. My improvised splints were replaced by orthodox ones, and I found myself lying on a waterproof sheet in a tent with three other cases. My name and particulars entered in a book, I was given a meal of bread and fried beef and a cup of tea, which cheered me not a little.

The day waned. My leg was beginning to throb painfully. The orderly gave me a drink of water and took my temperature. I could hear the steady rumble of ambulance waggons bringing in wounded. The tents appeared to be full, and yet more wounded were arriving. My wrist-watch was intact. It was seven o'clock.

The sound of a galloping horse was heard outside.

"Our division is to advance an hour before dawn, sir," shouted the messenger to the officer commanding the Field Ambulance. "You are to evacuate your wounded as soon as possible and pack up."

"Ah! And the Army Service Corps Refilling Point?"

"Is at the cross-roads about a mile to the rear, sir, at eight o'clock."

With a clatter of hoofs the messenger was gone again. The medical officer in charge gave me a hypodermic injection of morphia, and again I was lifted into an ambulance waggon. In a semi-conscious state I dreamed wildly, but the morphia had dulled my pain.

The great lorries, drawn up in rows, amidst which lanterns flitted hither and thither, and the scores of wounded, bandaged in every conceivable manner, presented a bizarre and picturesque scene. My allotted corner of a lorry, well packed with bracken, was preferable to the ambulance waggon; in fact, I fell asleep.

On awakening, I found myself deposited in a tent once more, still on my stretcher. With the aid of another hypodermic injection I passed the night comfortably, and during the day which followed was able to take an interest in the life about me. My new abode was a Clearing Hospital. It appeared that another severe battle had been fought at noon that day, and more wounded would be arriving by midnight. Consequently, I was not surprised when at sunset I received warning that I was to proceed down country in the ambulance train at once.

The clean white sheets of my berth were delicious. I had not had my clothes off for a week.

To relate in detail all that happened as I sojourned for a fortnight in a large General Hospital at the Base would be wearisome. It was a time of peaceful repose, during which I received every luxury of food and drink that was good for me. As my leg would, however, be of no use for soldiering purposes for some

months, I was at last selected to join a shipload of invalids for England. Netley received me, and the Officers' Convalescent Home at Osborne completed my cure.

The above, although imaginary, is to all intents and purposes absolutely accurate in detail. Of course a stereotyped procedure cannot invariably be carried out. I have known a sporting medical officer commanding an ambulance train run his train, under fire, straight on to the battlefield and load up with wounded direct. In the present war I am of opinion that the sealed-pattern scheme will be carried out with as detailed accuracy as possible. It has been well tried on manœuvres, and the lessons of South Africa have by no means been forgotten. It is obviously not merely doctoring that the wounded man requires,—it is transport and feeding. And the administrative ability requisite for the latter can only be obtained by experience and practice.

ALADORE.

BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—HOW YWAIN CAME THE SECOND TIME TO THE HERMIT, AND HOW HE TOOK COUNSEL OF HIM.

Now Ywain fell swiftly earthward, and belike the time of his falling was no great space: but to him it seemed long, beyond reckoning, for his wits were battered and edgeworn, as a stone is worn by a hundred years of rolling. And whiles he dropped headlong through the void, and whiles the wind came up beneath him and lifted him lightly, so that he rose and fell as it were upon great waves of the sea. But at the last he came hurtling down upon a forest, and among the trees of it his wings were caught and broken: yet was Ywain not broken therewith, but he took the earth easily and recovered himself.

Then he got to his feet and began to go through the forest, and it came to his mind that he was thrice lost, and not once only: for he was gone from his lady and from his friend, and he knew not where to seek them nor in what place of the world he might himself be wandering. And for Aithne he prayed to see her again in no long time, for he knew how she could come and go by her own magic, that was her gift of faery: but for Hyperenor he lamented without praying, for he supposed that he was gone beyond that. And for himself he raged against fate, for it seemed to him that his life had fallen suddenly from light to darkness, as a lamp that is thrown down, and though it be not broken, yet it cannot be kindled again, but cold it lies and blackened that was burning but a moment since. And when he perceived that, then he bit and beat against time as a wild thing will bite against the bars of a cage.

Howbeit he continued still upon his way, and suddenly he perceived that he was in no strange path: for he was going between tall pines, and beyond the pines was a stream that ran burbling, and a bank with great beeches upon it, and he went forward quickly as one that well knows what he shall find. And as he thought, so it fortuned to him, for he came by sunrise to a bare lawn under a cliff, and in the face of the cliff was a door carven and a window or two, and it was the house of the hermit that was friend to him, and right glad he was to see that place again.

And when he came there the sun was risen, and the hermit was coming forth out of his house in like manner as he had

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done aforetime, and in like manner he brought bread and broke it for the small fowls of the forest. And Ywain was amazed to behold his dealing: for there had come no change upon the man, nor upon the place, nor upon anything therein, but Ywain only was changed within himself and made new by time and trouble.

Then he stood still beneath a beech-tree, and called with a quiet voice and bade the hermit a good morning: and the hermit moved not but answered him yet more quietly, and continued feeding his birds. So they two came together without ado or overmuch heartiness, but inwardly they were quickened both, as with memory and friendship. And they went together to the stream, and when they had given bread to the fishes, then they did off their garments quickly and took the pool as they had done aforetime: and they sported joyfully and so came home to break their fast together.

Now as they sat at table Ywain looked out from the window, and he saw the sunlight upon the lawn, and he heard the murmur of the stream, for the sound of it came by upon a little wind of morning; and he bethought him how the times were changed, and all his mind unknown to the hermit that sat beside him. Then the hermit said to him: We are strangely met again: for in a year this place is nowise changed, and I have gone but a little downward on the byway of my life, but you have journeyed far to the forward, and are come within sight of your desire. And Ywain was astonished and asked him: How know you that which has befallen me, for it is a long tale and I have not yet told a word of it. And the hermit answered: I know it not, but there is little need of telling. For I set you forth on your way to Paladore, and therein you followed your desire: and without doubt there met you by the way a woman, for by every man's way there is a woman, and without doubt you learned of her that which all women teach. And for the rest, you have encountered this and that adventure, and though you have proved them well, yet have you failed of your achievement unto this present, for there is hope in your eyes and no certainty, and you are here alone and wandering.

Then Ywain opened his heart, and he told his story by part and by parcel, until he had told it all. And when he had ended his telling the hermit was silent, and he sat there stilly and moved no more than if he had been lost in sleep. And at the last Ywain said to him: That which I have done, is it well done or ill? Then the hermit stirred a little, and sighed deeply, and so fell again to silence. But afterwards he spoke and said to Ywain: Forgive me, for I was thinking of myself. Yet not of myself only, but of you and of many, for we are all banished men, and we seek for the road of our returning. And you do well on your part, for your serving

and your seeking are one, and though you find not yet neither do you turn aside to rest: for the time is not come wherein you must be content with memory and solitude.

And Ywain looked upon him and he saw that he spoke out of sorrow: for his eyes were like still water, but deep within them the spirit of the man was troubled, as the sand is troubled beneath the stillness of a spring. And Ywain longed greatly to comfort him, but found no words, for he would not question him of his sorrow. Then he thought to put him in mind of his wisdom that he had found by loneliness: but thereto the hermit answered yet more sadly and said: there are that choose loneliness, but upon me it came perforce. And for my wisdom, it is one thing to you and another thing to me: for to you it is as a living voice, to counsel the living, but to me it is as the stone upon a grave, which gives good words when there is none left to hear them.

Then Ywain said to him: What then? Will you return and come with me? And the hermit smiled a little and answered him: Not so, for I should be none the nearer to the country of my abiding. But go you, he said, and return to the city, and do your seeking among men: for your life is yet to find, and among men you must find it.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—HOW YWAIN RETURNED AGAIN TO PALADORE FOR TO DWELL THERE, AND HOW HE SPOKE TO APPEASE A STRIFE THAT WAS BETWEEN THE PEOPLE.

So on that day Ywain had converse with the hermit, and on the morrow early he departed from him. And he went from him by the former way, but he went not after the former manner: for at this time his journeying was by daylight and not by moonlight, and he had no aid of horses but fared always upon his feet. Notwithstanding he made good speed and came betimes to the place of the stepping-stones, and it seemed to him a place right dreary and desert, where before had been his lady with him and great fighting upon the bank. So he passed on quickly and came to Paladore: and he saw the city also as a dim and dreary city, for his heart was fordone with loneliness and his thought dragged like a man that is footsore with going.

Then he came to the gate and passed in: and immediately there came to meet him two men, and they ran towards him on this side and on that, and one of them was clad in scarlet and the other in black. And they two laid hold on him both together, and they spoke to him loudly as it were with one voice, so that he heard not of their saying two words in twenty. But when their ardour was somewhat abated, then he heard them more plainly: and

their tale was this, that the Company of the Eagle and the Company of the Tower were at odds together, and some of them were even now within the Great Hall of the city speaking the one against the other, and like enough to go further with it. And as for them which took hold of Ywain, they had the office from their companies to wait within the gate, and if any should enter, to send him quickly to the place of meeting. And they offered Ywain badges, of the Tower and of the Eagle, and were urgent with him each for his own, that Ywain might declare himself as of that company: for they knew him not, or else they had forgotten, or belike they thought to carry him away with words.

And when he heard their clamouring, and knew not for what cause the striving might be, then at the first his spirit was sick within him, and he thought to break away from them. And he said to them: Let me go my way, for I have enough business of my own. And again he said: Let me go, for I am weary and would rest. But when he had spoken those words he saw the men no longer, neither the red nor the black, but he saw beside him the hermit standing and looking into his face. Then the hermit took him by the hand and began to lead him towards the market-place: and as they went he spoke not to Ywain, but held him always by the hand, and it was as though his mind was poured into Ywain's mind like wine that is poured from one cup into another. And Ywain knew whither he went, and he made no more resistance, for he said within himself: This is the life of Paladore, to strive by companies, and I know of which company I am. Then he thought again upon the Eagles and his blood leapt up to be with them, and he hastened in his going and knew not that he hastened. And in that moment the hermit was gone from him, and he came alone into the market-place.

Now there was gathered in the place a crowd exceeding great and turbulent, and they were plainly divided between the two companies. For they which favoured the Tower stood upon the steps of the Great Hall in a ground of vantage, and they which were of the Eagles stood in the street below: and they were waiting until their men should come forth to them from within the Hall, and as they waited they gibbered and gibed, the one party against the other. But when they saw Ywain they left that and shouted at him all together, for they remembered him and desired him each company for their own. And the Eagles desired him because he had fought for them aforetime, and they of the Tower desired him because he had fought against them and worsted them: so that between them Ywain thought to be divided piecemeal.

But in that moment the

doors of the Great Hall were opened, and they which were within began to come forth. And there came before them a crier with a bell, and he stood upon the topmost step and rang his bell and cried: and Ywain heard of his crying the last word only. And they of the Tower caught up that word and shouted joyfully: He is banished. Then the Eagles shouted: He shall not be banished; and their shouting was the louder and by some deal the fiercer. And they called to Ywain to help them, and they made way and pushed him forward upon the steps.

Then he went slowly up the steps, and he stood and looked upon the crowd: and as he stood he cast about in his mind what he should say, for of the matter in dispute he knew but this word only, that one was in danger to be banished. So from that word he began his speaking, and he said first, how that to banish any man was an evil custom, against kindness and against reason both: for if a man had done wrong he should suffer there where he had done the wrong, seeing that it was his country notwithstanding. And secondly, he said how that in any case a man should suffer by law and not by hatred: for he may offend a whole company and yet be no lawbreaker, nor of evil intent. And thirdly, he said that to speak against customs is lawful: for a custom may be such as was good yesterday, but in no-wise good to-day, nor for ever, and to end it is no murder. And all this he spoke not angrily but with a sad voice and a slow: and from fierce the crowd became gentle, and they murmured continually for pleasure as a cat will purr when she is stroked with the hand. For they of Paladore love best to see fighting, but after that they love to hear speaking, and he that hath power of wind may raise their anger at his own will and lay it again, like the waters of the sea.

So they were stilled and put in peace together, as for this time, and they left the market-place and departed each to his own business. But they of the Tower forswore not their intent, for they held by their custom and hated Ywain, but they perceived well that they must abide their time.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—HOW YWAIN BEHELD A GAME OF CHILDREN AND HEARD THEIR SINGING.

Now Ywain stood still to see the crowd departing, and of them which came near to him there were some which greeted him and some which looked sullenly upon him. And as he saw them he thought upon the fashion of this world, wherein all men are homeless: for though a man dwell where he will and see good days, yet everywhere he will be at strife with some, and belike with many. Then he thought to go

to his own house, and he came there and entered into it: but when he was therein he looked about him doubtfully, for he could not tell if it should be still his own, or given to another.

So he stayed not there, but went forth again he knew not whither: for his wits wandered otherwhere, but his feet lightly found out the ways of his desire. And the time was the time of sunset, and there went a great thunder over the city, and a sudden rain; and when the rain ceased there was a light in the air and a marvellous clearness. And it seemed to Ywain as though that clearness was in his eyes also, and in his mind and in his heart: and he went wandering in joy. So he came to a gate of the city and marked it not, but passed through it: and beyond the gate he saw suddenly the High Steep before him, grey and green, and upon it was a company of children singing and making merry, for they had run forth after the ceasing of the rain. And there beyond them was the sea, shining like grey steel, and the trees were dark against it; and the sky was heavy above with bands of purple, but between the bands the colour of it was pale and cool, and like to the colour of green apples.

Then Ywain stood still to look upon the sea and the sky, and the children came round about him and looked also. And as they stood looking there passed a cloud over the Shepherdine Sands, and the cloud was drawn down upon the white water, and it was the last cloud of the storm going west before the wind. And the passing away of it was like the drawing of a curtain, for immediately there was light instead of darkness upon the Shepherdine Sands and upon all the region that was beyond. And in the light there was a land, as it were far off but exceeding clear: and upon the land was a steep and a city, and by seeming it was no strange city, for it was built and bulwarked after the very fashion of Paladore. Notwithstanding it was strange enough: for it was small and bright as a city that is painted in a book, and the light wherewith it shone was a light of dawn and not of sunset.

And as Ywain looked upon the city it seemed to him that the light was upon his own eyes also, and upon his mind and upon his heart, and he named the land aloud and called it Aladore. And the children that were beside him heard the word that he spoke, and immediately they broke into shouting after the manner of children, and ran busily from one to another among themselves: and Ywain perceived that they would play at a game together, and by seeming the game was called the game of Aladore. And at the first he marvelled, but afterwards he marvelled no more, for he remembered how that it was forbidden to speak that name in all the city, and how that the desire of children is ever to do and to say that which is forbidden them.

Then he went a little aside and stood within the gateway and looked forth to see the

playing of that pastime. And he saw how the children departed them into two bands, which stood aline the one over against the other. And their pastime was the singing of a song: and they sang it as it were an antiphony, verse answering to verse, and they kept the time full orderly with their hands and with their feet. And the verses of the song were in number six, and the words of it were these—

To Aladore, to Aladore,
  Who goes the pilgrim way?
Who goes with us to Aladore
  Before the dawn of day?

O if we go the pilgrim way,
  Tell us, tell us true,
How do they make their pilgrimage
  That walk the way with you?

O you must make your pilgrimage
  By noonday and by night,
By seven years of the hard hard road
  And an hour of starry light.

O if we go by the hard hard road,
  Tell us, tell us true,
What shall they find in Aladore
  That walk the way with you?

You shall find dreams in Aladore,
  All that ever were known:
And you shall dream in Aladore
  The dreams that were your own.

O then, O then to Aladore,
  We'll go the pilgrim way,
To Aladore, to Aladore,
  Before the dawn of day.

Now these were all the verses which the children sang, but when they had sung them all, then they sang the last verse again and yet again. And as they sang they turned them about, and they went by two and by two along the edge of the green steep, after the manner of lovers or of friends which go together on pilgrimage: and when Ywain saw that his heart burned his eyes, for even in the playing of the children he beheld an image of his own life. But they went from him quickly, for they continued still in their singing and their marching, and they passed by a tower that was in the wall and Ywain saw them no more. But he heard their singing far off, when they were long gone from him, and at the last he knew not in truth whether he heard it or heard it not, but only he knew that the sound of it was still abiding with him.

CHAPTER XL.—HOW YWAIN CAME TO ALADORE.

Then Ywain went forth again from the gateway, and he came to the edge of the High Steep, to the place wherein the children had their pastime: and there under the trees he began to go to and fro, for he was restless by reason of the song that was yet in his ears. And as he went to and fro the song continued with him, and it worked as it were an enchantment in his blood: for he kept looking upon Aladore, that lay there under the sky border, beyond the Shepherdine Sands, and he saw it in a light that was no light of earth. And he knew no longer where he might be, but the world was lost and vanisht from him; and his

feet ceased from going, and he stood at gaze, looking only upon that land of his desire.

Now at the first it was far off from him, but afterwards he beheld it near and clear past telling, for it seemed to him that power came upon him whereby he had vision of things not to be seen with eyes. And for the land, he saw that it was in all ways like to the land whereon he stood, and in like shape it lay beside the sea margent, and in like manner it rose up in a high steep, green and grey, and set with tall trees and shadowy. And for the city, that also was of no strange semblance, for it was in fashion the very image and counterpart of Paladore: and it was compassed with like walls and towers, and with like gardens and streets enriched and diapered.

But by imagination Ywain beheld the place otherwise; for in his vision he perceived it as a city of peace, and one that knew neither strife nor evil custom, nor men of wood nor men of wildfire, but only young lovers and old friends and folk of free and gentle dealing. And beside these there were none other, save only fays and phantoms: and Ywain knew that it was in all things such a city as seeing it he would have loved it in his youth, and his life days seemed to him but wasted until he should enter and dwell therein. And therewith his spirit rose within him and cried after that land with utter longing, for his memory and his hope were become one, and he knew not how to endure them.

Then he started suddenly out of his vision and went down the High Steep like a rolling stone, and he came quickly with great bounds to the margent of the sea. And when he came there he was aware of a little ship that lay upon the water, and it was made fast to the shore with a black rope and a white, and in it was a mast and a sail, and the sail was party black and white. And Ywain stayed not there, but leapt aboard and hoised up the sail: and he took the hermit's knife from his breast and cut through the ropes, both the black and the white, for they were knotted strongly upon a ring of iron. Then he took the tiller into his hand, and the ship began to go swiftly from the shore. And he looked towards Aladore, and saw it fair before him: but how he should come there he knew not, for he must come first into that white and tumbling water of the Shepherdine Sands.

Right so he came flying amidst the Sands and entered into the quick of them: and the ship staggered and went suddenly from under him, and he fell down and down to the bottom of the sea. And he fell flatling, and sprang up again and leapt upon his feet: and he looked upward, and beheld the sea, as it were above his head, all white and seething. And he perceived how it was in truth no sea but

mist, and belike it was a mist of faery, for it rolled and swirled above him in all semblance like to the sea, but there was in it neither death nor darkness.

Then he went forward under the mist, and as he went it broke and was made thin before him, and he saw green grass beneath his feet, and over against him a mount of grey and green, and he knew that he was come unto the High Steep of Aladore. And he saw it with no amazement but with gladness only, for it was with him as with a man that has been long voyaging and is returning at last into his own country. And he loved the land and greeted it in his heart; and he found the path and climbed upon it, and came quickly to the topmost of the Steep.

And as he went climbing, he heard again the song that before was in his ears, and at the first he knew not whether he heard it within him or without. Then he saw above him the walls of the city and the gate therein, and before the gate were children playing, and the children were the same children and their pastime was the same pastime: for they stood aline in two lines and sang together after the former fashion, and the words of their song were these:

> You shall find dreams in Aladore,
> All that ever were known:
> And you shall dream in Aladore
> The dreams that were your own.

Then when he heard those words he assented thereto, and he laughed in his heart and so passed on: for they seemed to him nothing new, but he heard them as it were out of childhood and sweet memory. And he entered by the gateway and came singing into the city; and the streets of it were cool and shining like pale gold, for they were all agleam with a light mist of sunrise.

CHAPTER XLI.—HOW YWAIN ENTERED INTO THE RHYMER'S HERITAGE, AND HOW HE FOUND HIS LADY THEREIN.

Now as Ywain went into the city he went joyfully, for his heart was uplifted, and his thoughts were like high white clouds in a blue sky of summer. And most of all he joyed to see the beauty of the place, for the form of it was the form of Paladore, but the beauty was mingled of likeness and unlikeness. And wherever he looked, there he saw that which he remembered, and there also he saw that which he remembered not, so that his joy was both old and new.

And when he had gone but a score of paces into the city, he came to the court that lay before the great Gard, and in the entrance of it he stayed. And there passed by him two or three which went not in: and he asked them whose was the castle, for he perceived that there was a change upon it. And they answered him

that it was no castle, but the Rhymer's Hall; for that by the Rhymer it was long since founded and upbuilt. And when they had so answered they vanished from him suddenly, and were gone as though they had never been.

Then he was astonished and pondered a little, looking within the court. And in the court he saw not the halberdiers and men a-horseback which had been there aforetime, but upon the steps of the castle he saw a five or six minstrels with their lutes, and anon they sang and anon they talked together, and by seeming their talk was all only upon their lutes and upon their singing.

Then Ywain came to them and greeted them, and said: How long is this become a place of singing? And one of them answered him courteously, and said: Fair lord, by your will we sing and by your will we are silent, seeing that we are but the servants of your dream. And even as Ywain heard those words the minstrels vanished, and there was nothing of them left in that place, save a little sound of lutestrings that lingered waywardly.

So Ywain entered into the Rhymer's Hall, and within door he found the porter, and the man sat there reading upon a book. And Ywain asked him: What read you? and immediately the porter vanished without answer given, and there was nought seen of him but his chair, and upon the chair was the book whereon he had been reading. Then Ywain came near and took up the book and looked within it: and it was a wide book, painted delicately with great letters and with pictures. And the picture that was open before him was the picture of two lovers by a garden door; and the lady stood beside the door and leaned upon it with her hand to open it, but the lover came to her in habit of a pilgrim, and his hat was broad above his face, and shadowed it. And Ywain's heart quickened as he looked: for the lady was his own lady, and she stood there as living as the leaves in spring.

Then he laid the book upon the chair and left it lying, and he went through the Rhymer's Hall from end to end, and through all the courts of it and out beyond. And he came by a pleached alley to a close, and looked across the close: and upon the far side of it was a wall of stone, and in the wall was a carven doorway, and a door of wood. And there before the doorway stood Aithne in the morning gold, and she laid her hand against the door and looked a little downward, as one that is waiting and musing. And when Ywain came to her she spoke no word, but she turned away and led him through the doorway, and the door fell back and closed behind them: and it closed full slowly, but at the last there was a small noise of clanking and the bar went home into the notch.

And that noise was sweet in Ywain's ears, for it seemed

to shut the world away, and he went to his lady as one that comes to his own land after long captivity. And little they spoke in words, but they looked each at other, and his eyes were to her like two bright spears levelled in battle, and her eyes were to him like a valley at evening, when the smoke goes up into the twilight.

Then at the last he said to her: What then is this place? And she said: it was the Rhymer's heritage, and now is mine; and that which is mine is yours, for you have found it out and taken it. And belike it was yours from the beginning, for it is you that have made it anew, and you are the master of your dream. And as she spoke those words a fear came suddenly upon him lest she also should vanish and be gone from him. And he would have cried aloud of his fear, but she laid her hand upon his mouth and laughed and stayed him from uttering. And she said: I know your thought, and vain it is: for your dream and mine are one and not two, as they were aforetime, but each in other we have our home and our abiding.

CHAPTER XLII.—HOW YWAIN AND AITHNE WERE GIVEN EACH TO OTHER, AND HOW THEY WERE WEDDED BY THE FREEDOM OF ALADORE.

Then Ywain stood still and mused, looking down upon the grass about his feet: and he mused upon his pilgrimage whereby he had at last come hither. And Aithne asked him of his musing, and he answered her not, but he said: Tell me, O my beloved, when shall be the end of this my pilgrimage? And she answered: It is ended, for the shrine is found, and the lamp of the world is lit afresh. But he asked her again: By what token shall I have certainty of this? And she said: By a flame and by a gift, for by those tokens is love confirmed of all lovers both of old and for ever. Then his blood beat and his throat trembled and he said: Yea, beloved, but it may yet be far to the hour of giving. And she also trembled and said: The hour of giving is the hour of starlight, and between the sunsetting and the moonrising it will be here. Then Ywain looked again upon the ground and he saw beside his feet the long morning shadows, and he said: It is far, O my beloved. And she said: Nay, but have I not told you, that all things here are yours, for that you only are the master of the dream?

Then with her hand she pointed to the shadows upon the grass, and they were two shadows that were as one, and they lay upon a wide and open space. And Ywain looked again upon them and was amazed: for the shadows drew in apace, and they went round him as the finger goes upon

the dial, save that they went a forty times more quickly. And he asked of his lady: What mean these shadows, for they are gone from the West into the East. And she answered him softly: O my lord, see you not that you are master even of the sun in heaven? And she looked stilly into his eyes, and a little wind of evening blew cool upon him.

Then she took him by the hand and led him within the house, and she brought him to an upper room and to a window therein which looked upon the city. And the window was wide open, and without it was a gallery of stone; and Ywain held his lady's hand and went forward upon the gallery. Then he looked down, and saw beneath him the courtyard full of folk, and the place was filled with the thronging of them, and the street beyond the gates was filled also. And at the first the folk were silent and shadowy, and the twilight gathered thick upon them: and Ywain looked hard among them, peering to see if by their faces he might know them. And by one and by two he knew them, and there were by seeming in that place the faces of all men and women that he had known in all his life days.

Then pity came upon him in a moment, and great pain: for he saw them as folk lost and gone from him, and he would have had them to be partakers in his joy. And in that moment came a light of sunset into the sky, and it glowed upon the faces of them that were before him: and they cried all together and called him by his name, giving him friendship and honour. And Ywain shut to his eyes, for there was that which burned them hotly: and when he looked forth again there was neither face nor form of any man, but only a sound as of folk departing.

Then Ywain said to Aithne: Are there not also some within doors in this place, that I may do them courtesy? And she answered: They, too, are of the bordure of your dream. So she brought him within, and they went towards the great hall, and there went with them lights and trumpets. And when they came to the hall they found there a great company of knights sitting at feast together: and the knights were in number a hundred, and they were all they which in their time had sought the Lady Aithne and her love, and their feasting was full sombre and courteous. And when they saw Ywain and Aithne they rose up and did them reverence, and they gathered about them and spoke many things of honour and of farewell.

Then Ywain gave them thanks with the like honour, and immediately they faded from before him, and with them the lights also faded and fell to darkness. And in the hall was none left with Ywain and Aithne, save one child only: and the child was nowise strange to them, for it was he which had been the beginner of their pilgrimage. And in his hand was a torch burning, and he bore it up before them, and about them the shadows went

dancing upon the walls and upon the roof: and he went down the hall, and they two followed after him with hand in hand, and so he brought them to the chamber where they should be wed. And when they were come there he turned his torch downwards to quench it upon the floor: and the flame of it vanished and the child therewith, and the place was lit by starlight only.

But in the chamber was also a little glowing as of embers, and Ywain saw there an altar of bronze: and it seemed to him right ancient, as a thing made in the time out of mind. And beside the altar was a platter of meal and a cup of red wine standing: and Aithne took the meal into her hand, and in like manner Ywain took the wine. And they two stood beside the altar on this side and on that, and sprinkled it with meal and wine; and there went up from it two bright flames of fire, a red and a white, and they spired up and were entwined together so that they were two colours but one only flame.

Then Ywain looked upon his beloved and said: The flame is here truly, but where is the gift? And she also looked steadfastly upon him and answered him: The gift is here, but it is yours to show first the manner of the giving. And thereat he took her by the hand and said: Here in free marriage I give thee the body of me, my life with thy life, my blood with thy blood, my dust with thy dust to be mingled and made one. Then with a low voice she said after him the same words. And he said again: Here also I give thee the heart of me, my love with thy love, my hope with thy hope, my sorrow with thy sorrow to be mingled and made one. And those words also she spoke in like manner. Then he said the third time: Here also do I witness that I have given thee long since the spirit of me, to be thy friend and fellow to the end of pilgrimage. Yea, she said, and thereafter: and with thee and with all spirits to be mingled and made one.

Then she said again as to herself only: Now am I wedded by the freedom of Aladore, and so is my promise fulfilled. And when she had said that she fell suddenly to weeping. And she went to the window and leaned upon the sill, and Ywain came near, and he saw her tears falling bright under the starlight. And he was both sorry and afraid, and he took her in his arms and asked her many times wherefore she wept, and she told him not. And at last she said: That will I tell you, but not now: and I weep not for sorrow but for remembrance. Then he solaced her with comfort of strength and of silence: and afterwards they went joyfully to their wedding and to their rest. And the moon rose on Aladore, and they saw her not: for they slept as it had been the sleep of childhood.

(To be continued.)

A YEOMANRY TREK.

THREE years ago the Editor of 'Maga' gave a friendly reception to an article from the writer, in which he tried to present an account of how Yeomanry are trained on Salisbury Plain, and put forward certain reasons why he believed the Plain to be a thoroughly bad place in which to train them. The article brought down some heavy thunder from various military pundits, including 'The Times' Military correspondent; who one and all missed, or refused to see, the chief count in the article, which was that the little bit of the Plain belonging to the War Office is so crowded in the month of May, what with artillery ranges, aviation sheds, and camps, that no room is left for a manœuvre area. The writer suggested that it would be much more instructive for a brigade, or even a regiment, of Yeomanry to go on trek in the ordinary close country of England, than to play at soldiers on the crowded lawns near Figheldean Crossing and Holmes's Clump.

He is much too modest to suggest that his preaching made converts, but certain it is that since then two or three experiments of the kind adumbrated by him in 'Maga' in 1911 have taken place, and of one of these, at which he was present, he would now attempt to give some account, to point a moral and adorn a tale. It matters not in the least to the true reformer whether an event is "post" or "propter" his counsel and advice, so long as his doctrine gets a reasonable chance of justifying itself.

The training of the Yeomanry unit with which we are concerned proceeded this year on much the same lines as usual, for the first ten days. The elaborate Syllabus of Instruction, so lovingly drawn up by the brigade-major, suffered the usual lot of elaborate syllabi; that is to say, squadron leaders read it, admired its well-chosen sentences, put it in their pockets, and promptly forgot all about it. The weather was fine and cold, the camp was placed in a pleasant spot of wide prospect, the vet. and the doctor had little to do. Brass-hatted, many-ribboned generals of Empire-wide fame, came, saw, and were conquered, — or so you would have said if you had heard the flowery words of praise proceeding from their mouths at the pow-wow without which no regimental field-day is complete. What they said in private, communing with their great hearts, is not on record; but their public utterances would have led you to suppose that the galaxy of British fighting forces contained no fairer star than the Royal Red Sandshire Hussars. Despite the proverb, the parsnips were well buttered, the gilded staff enjoyed an excel-

lent lunch, and all was smiles, good-humour, and jollity.

At the beginning of training the rumour quickly spread that there was to be a special feature this year,—that the regiment was going to march fifty miles, and eat raw turnips at the end of it, in the middle of the cold wet fields. It became known that earlier in the year the colonel, the adjutant, and one or two of the senior majors had made a motor-car staff ride through certain villages a long day's march away, with a view to finding out if the farmers of the district would place their barns at the disposal of the regiment, and find enough corn and hay for the horses, with straw for the men to lie upon. Each squadron leader was made responsible for feeding the men and horses of his squadron, and was allowed a certain fixed sum per head for each day the squadron was absent from camp,—no princely sum, but one which proved in every case sufficient.

It may be remarked in passing that the old days, when it was a costly thing to hold a Yeomanry commission, are gone for ever. The outfit allowance of £40 can very nearly be made to cover the first cost of the necessary uniform, as so much of the old and expensive kit has been done away with. Mess expenses in camp are but a fraction of what they once were, in the days when the officers lived at the county hotel; gambling in any shape or form but half-crown bridge is now practically unknown; and if a squadron leader has to put his hand in his pocket occasionally for the good of the squadron, he has his major's pay and allowances to console him withal.

To continue: our gallant Hussars started on their twenty-seven mile trek at 9 A.M. on the eleventh day of the training. They consisted of headquarters, four squadrons (each about eighty strong), a signal section, the machine-gun section, and two motor cyclists—total somewhere about three hundred and fifty men. Some forty men and horses were, for one reason or another, left behind in camp. For the benefit of the uninitiated it may be explained that in the piping times of peace a Yeomanry regiment has four squadrons, which would become three on mobilisation or embodiment. The idea is that a nucleus squadron is left behind at the recruiting centre to form a depôt, but it is not a particularly good idea, as the formation for training ought certainly to be the same as the formation for war. If you get used to troops and squadrons of a certain size, it must take quite a while to become accustomed to a considerable increase in strength. Moreover, the men from the split-up squadron will find themselves among strangers,—in direct contravention of the very sensible paragraph in the Regulations which lays it down that men from the same locality are to be kept together. But that is the way we have in the Army; one thing is laid down

in black and white, but something totally different is done.

The start was punctual; even the machine-gun section, which had a very old and cumbersome set of pack saddlery to contend with, got off at the appointed time, falling in behind the headquarter squadron. The subaltern in command had at his own charge provided a cart to carry the guns and tripods—an essential of equipment for a long march, but one not at present provided by County Associations. Each yeoman carried his own piece of built-up rope and pegs round his horse's neck, also his mess-tin, haversack, nose-bag, and saddle-blanket. The men's blankets and one kit-bag per section, together with the four cooks (one per squadron) and dixies, were piled on a truck pulled by a light traction-engine. The quartermaster and the regimental sergeant-major were left in camp.

As the column started it began to rain, and the porous yellow greatcoats of the men were soon saturated. It would surely be much more satisfactory to provide them with a stout waterproof. The difference in cost is not prohibitive, and in this climate there is no doubt which is the better garment. An important consideration is that a soaked greatcoat adds many pounds weight to the load a horse must carry.

Five miles from camp the road divided, two squadrons going one way, two the other. Touch was kept by means of the motor cyclists, who made light of the hilly cross-roads. At one o'clock, seventeen miles from camp, the first long halt was made by the side of a shallow brook, where the horses were watered and fed, and the men ate their sandwiches. The rain came down steadily, and the picture was a slightly depressing one. Every one cheered up wonderfully, however, when an enterprising publican appeared on the scene with trays full of glasses and huge beakers of ale; and the Hussars are mostly country lads, and not at all unused to being under the weather. At two o'clock a start was made again, and the remaining ten miles were covered in the regulation two hours.

The march discipline was not at all bad. To begin with, there was too much bumping up and down the column, after the fashion of a loosely-coupled goods train, the head of which is moving quite fast before the tail has started; but after the first few miles had been covered, matters improved very much, and there was far more uniformity. The squadron leaders kept up a steady jog-trot, and did not hustle the men behind them. A few shoes were cast, but such cases were promptly dealt with by a farrier's party at the end of each column. A good many saddle-blankets slipped out of place soon after leaving camp, and perhaps too many men fell to the rear from this cause; but the saddlery issued is not first-rate, and the leather girths are not of a good quality, and

stretch inordinately when they become warm.

The regiment was billeted in two villages between two and three miles apart. "A" Squadron found quarters near a railway station, the men sleeping in the storehouses close by. "B" was in the adjacent village, distributed among two farms, together with the signallers and machine gunners. "C" and "D" were in another and a larger village some little distance away. The colonel, the adjutant, the medical and veterinary officers, with their orderlies, lived in luxury at a neighbouring country house. The squadron officers found quarters, which on the whole were most comfortable, in the farmhouses or cottages. It must be confessed that a motor-car or two appeared on the scene carrying a certain quantity of extra luggage. But it is an officer's duty to keep himself in robust health, and if he can arrange for a spare Gladstone bag to meet him at a convenient spot, why, he should certainly do so.

The horse lines were laid down with commendable rapidity; the built-up line was stretched, and the horses of the two troops the writer was watching were all tied up—at any rate by their head-ropes—within twenty minutes of entering the field allotted to them. It is true that these troops had the use of a heavy mallet which had been put into the Maxim cart, but the job was done quietly and systematically. No doubt men used to the business would do it in half the time; but for a first effort it was distinctly creditable.

The traction-engine and transport arrived at the scheduled time, and by seven o'clock the dixies were boiling and the men enjoying a meal of tea, bread, and cheese, supplemented by various dainties which they were able to buy from or coax out of the village folk. The two barns in which "B" Squadron slept were full of clean straw, and appeared to be not bad places, in which a weary man might sleep with ease. There were a few rats, it is true; but they were not so ferocious as the swarm which not long ago drove out the troopers of a distinguished cavalry regiment from the barns in which they were sleeping, and made them seek shelter under the trees and hedgerows of fair County Kent. It is an inexplicable mystery why the British farmer tolerates these destructive pests.

The major and captain of the squadron found quarters at one of the farms, the two subalterns in neighbouring cottages; they had a most cheery little mess in the farm parlour. "Not much hardship so far," said one of them, after the farmer's wife, who had once been "in service," had served up a most excellent dinner; "we are more comfortable than we were in camp." And, indeed, in an English May a tent can be a very uncomfortable thing to live in.

In the evening a motor-car collected the squadron leaders and carried them off to headquarters, where the colonel explained that war had unfortunately broken out with the neighbouring county of Loamshire, which had mobilised a considerable force, including a regiment of Yeomanry, and proposed to invade our own well-beloved Sandshire. It was owing to the fact that hostilities appeared imminent that the Hussars had been hurried to the Loamshire border, where they now lay. Information had been received that the Loamshire Dragoons were in billets for the night at a village about ten miles away, and that they might be expected to advance early the next morning. The adjutant subsequently explained that, as both regiments had had a longish march, it had been mutually arranged that there should be no night attacks, and that neither side should leave their billets before 8.45 A.M. the next day.

The fight next morning resolved itself in the main into a race for a ridge of high ground which lay about halfway between the opposing forces, and the Hussars were fairly easy winners. It was a beautiful sunny morning, and the men seemed very cheerful and pleased with themselves. There is an old and strenuous rivalry between the Hussars and the Dragoons, and each regiment recognises in the other a foeman worthy of its steel. This day was no exception to the tale of their rivalry. The Hussars were strongly posted, and for a couple of hours resisted all the attacks of their foes; then the Dragoons discovered a weak spot and flooded through the gap. Just in time to stem disaster, the reserve squadron of the Hussars was opposed to the tide, while the remainder of the regiment, their line pierced but not shaken, retired in good order to another position a mile or two in rear. By midday the foemen were at grips again; but both sides were by now run out of ammunition, and the umpires brought the affair to a close. There followed a pow-wow, at which the Umpire in Chief (the regular colonel commanding the mounted brigade to which both regiments belonged) assumed the *rôle* of Fate, and ruthlessly dealt out to all concerned their fortune—to this one honour, to that one blame; to another success, to many death. Yet the dead men smiled, and muttered that those who had destroyed them would have been dead men themselves. The usual familiar murmur that the other side "could never have done it" was heard on all sides; and, indeed, it takes a lot of blank cartridges to stop a yeoman bold, bent on his foe's destruction.

By two o'clock the Hussars were back in their billets, where a good hot stew was awaiting them. "Stables" was sounded at four, and the work for the day was over. In the evening one squadron

lit a bonfire and sang songs, but the rest turned in early and slept the sleep of the weary.

Next day the homeward march began at 7.30 A.M., and camp was reached soon after two o'clock. It was, I venture to think, a very instructive expedition. The squadron leaders were given a valuable opportunity of gathering experience in billeting and feeding their men; the long trek afforded instruction in march discipline, and rubbed into the men, as nothing else could, the necessity for keeping their proper intervals and distances. In the billets the cooks (who in the Sandshire Hussars are all enlisted yeomen) managed admirably with nothing but wood fuel and dixies, and the men fell very quickly into the art of using their mess-tins and making themselves comfortable under certain difficulties.

A word as to the future of the Yeomanry. They are the most expensive portion of the Territorial force, and for that reason have their enemies. If they were abolished, an extra cavalry brigade could be paid for out of the spoils—that is, if the recruits were forthcoming, which is doubtful. But the yeoman is, as things go, the finest raw material in the kingdom, and we ought to think twice and three times before improving him out of existence. He is, as a rule, a country lad,—a small farmer, or a larger farmer's son. He can ride, and is used to horses before he joins, and is not afraid of the wet and the cold. The service is popular in our rural districts, and the Yeomanry are the only branch of our Land Forces in Great Britain whose numbers are close up to the establishment. Moreover, about half the rank and file and seventy per cent of the officers have undertaken to serve abroad with their own unit, or part of their own unit, in time of war. Those who have undertaken this obligation are said to have joined the Imperial Service section.

But this is not to say that further improvement is impossible. For one thing, fifteen days' training is not long enough, and an extra week should be required of all Yeomanry. Twenty-one days' training would be welcomed by all ranks, and would only be a return to the old conditions which existed before the organisation of the Volunteers into an Army. Then one cannot but look with some suspicion on the clause which requires Yeomen who join the Imperial Service section only to serve with their own unit or part of their own unit. This robs the section at once of a great part of its value. History proves most conclusively that it is far better to fill up your campaign-torn squadrons and companies with recruits, than to set newly-organised cadres alongside the depleted ones. Why should there not be a very much closer connection between the Yeomanry and the Regular Cavalry? The officers of each are of the same class, which removes one considerable difficulty to a more intimate

understanding. Why should not the Imperial Service section sign on to serve "with their own unit or part of their own unit, or *the cavalry regiment to which they are affiliated?*" I am quite certain that such a proviso, so far from discouraging men from signing on for the section, would actually increase the strength thereof. Looked at from the point of view of a Regular colonel of cavalry, would he not welcome the knowledge that there were a hundred or a hundred and fifty yeomen, who could be used to fill up the casualties of battle and disease when the pinch came? Would he not rather have these men, of good physique and intelligence, able to ride, look after their horses, and use a rifle (when the supply of his own Reservists was exhausted), than the hurriedly-drilled immature recruit from the depôt?

There is already a fairly close association between certain Regular regiments of Cavalry and certain Yeomanry regiments. Adjutants tend to succeed each other from the same source, and Yeomanry officers, due to do a Course, like to go to a regiment where they will find an old friend, or in which they have heard from a brother officer that they will be kindly received and looked after. If this association were rendered still more intimate it would be very well for both parties.

Of course there are difficulties. Regiments in India or Africa are a long way off; the numbers on each side do not correspond, and so forth. But the difficulties of detail are not impossible, and all Yeomanry regiments need not be treated alike. Whatever happens, do not let us commit the blunder of exterminating the military spirit in the class from which our yeomen are recruited. It is a class which in most countries—Germany for instance—is jealously fostered, as forming in a peculiar way a repository and reservoir of the ancient military virtues. In England it has been trodden on by Free Trade, hampered by legislation, well-nigh smothered by the interests of the teeming myriads of the workshop and the mine. Yet it still survives, and is even, in a dazed and tentative fashion, once more lifting up its weather-beaten head. Let us make the most we can of it, for no Empire can exist without it, and all the sterner virtues grow naturally in the soil alone.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

A HOMELY VISION OF WAR—THE JOURNAL OF EDMOND DE GONCOURT—PARIS BESIEGED—*BOUDIN D'ÉLÉPHANT*—THE TABLE-TALK AT BRÉBANT'S—RHETORIC OR *LA BLAGUE*?—RENAN'S VIEW OF THE FATHERLAND—THÉOPHILE GAUTIER IN A GARRET—THE LITERATURE OF WAR—THE ART OF TOLSTOI—ZOLA AND HIS FRIENDS—FRANCE AND BELGIUM.

THERE is one side of war which the historians seldom reveal to us, a side which is all untouched by the pomp and splendour of armies glittering in the field. Those who stay at home share neither the glory nor the wounds of battle. In the old days, when news travelled slowly and fights were fought in small spaces, the countryside knew that there had been a combat when the terms of peace were signed. It is easy to imagine, for instance, many smiling corners of England, which in the seventeenth century did not guess that their country had been torn in twain by civil strife, in which the peasants tilled their fields and gathered their crops and sold them in the nearest market in complete insouciance of what was taking place in the next county. Even to-day, when the face of the land is covered with newspapers, certain unimaginative countrymen are but vaguely conscious of the vast adventure in which their nation is embarked. We are told that at Mars-la-Tour, when the battle was at its fiercest, the labourers on the farms went on with their harvest even within earshot of the cannonade. To them, whose heads are bent to the soil, as though they are beasts, nothing happens which transcends their timid fancy. Even if they were taken off by a stray shot, they might well believe that they fell victims to an act of God.

It is not, however, of these that we would speak, but rather of the hapless many who, acutely conscious of their country's fate, are forced by their age or by the condition of their lives to remain in their homes while others fight the battle of their country. The hardships which they endure cheerfully are none the lighter because they are borne in obscurity. Shame, hunger, and suspense will test the spirit of the bravest, and it cannot but afford the optimist satisfaction to know that these trials have most often been faced with tranquillity and good-humour. By a stroke of good fortune we have drawn for us by Edmond de Goncourt a vivid picture of life as it was lived in Paris in the year of terror 1870-71. No man of his time was better equipped for the task of showing posterity how the writers of France held them-

selves at that time of tragedy. First and foremost, Goncourt was a man of letters. To explain the psychology of men and events was a necessity of his talent. When the brother and colleague, whom he loved above all men, lay dying, he could not refrain his hand from his Journal, and was denounced, most unjustly, as heartless for his indiscretion. And when the war surprised him in his villa at Auteuil, he could do nothing else than search out its effects and put them on paper in their proper sequence and colouring. In the second place, he was acutely sensitive to landscape and atmosphere. The fair skies and unbroken sunshine of the fatal year affected him like a draught of wine. The long clear nights of Paris remind him of the South, and bring forgetfulness of the Prussians thundering at the city's gates. Though he could not shoulder a rifle in defence of his country, he bore himself always like a man, and the end of the Commune found him still unblunted in courage as in wit.

The incidents of the war and siege, then, as they affected Paris he describes without a hint of prejudice. He tells us, for instance, with a quiet scepticism, how in August 1870 a strange hallucination seized upon Paris. Suddenly the passers-by saw a telegram upon the walls of the Bourse which told them that the Prussians had been defeated, and that 25,000 prisoners had been taken. Eagerly one pointed the telegram out to another. A vast crowd collected, each one of which was satisfied that he had read the news with his own eyes. And on the walls of the Bourse there was nothing, not a line, not a hint. It was the eye of faith which had seen what it wished to see, and the sanguine Parisians were easily content to mystify themselves. To-day the *rôles* are reversed. Paris asks no better fate than to know the truth, and every morning we read of the desperate efforts made in Berlin to clip and shape the facts that they may be acceptable to the crowd which waits anxiously Unter den Linden.

And nothing pleases us better in Goncourt's Journal than the lightness of hand wherewith he sketches the unfailing gaiety of Paris. Even when shot and shell were falling like hail upon the city, the inhabitants bore the shock with a patient shrug. Even Pelagie, Goncourt's *bonne à tout faire*, was happily indifferent. If this be all, said she, it is a war *pour rire*. And with their tireless curiosity the grand ladies of Paris visited the French batteries as though they were going to a spectacle, determined, even though they hindered the toil of the gunners, to see whatever might be seen. When the theatres were closed, were there not the fortifications to amuse them? Not even the swiftly emptied larders appalled the besieged. One morning only one sou's worth of bread

was to be bought at the market of Auteuil. What did it matter, so long as there was a jest to be made about a "fricassee of dry bread?" When horse was substituted for beef, by a double economy, since it cost thirteen francs a day to feed a horse, and which might feed men, the change was heroically borne, though the new food caused nightmares and sleepless nights to those unaccustomed to the *boucherie chevaline*. And was there not all the joy of new experiments? It was not in ordinary times that you could get a choice of buffalo, antelope, or kangaroo. Famous as Voisin's always was and always will be, it added another leaf to its crown of glory when it offered its clients a *boudin d'éléphant*, and it was the black-letter day of its career when its *maître d'hotel* confessed that he had no *plat du jour*, since not a soul was left in Paris. Nor could life be dull when one evening a single shop in the Rue de Tournon displayed two large stags, a young bear, and a child's bath full of enormous blue-muzzled carp, the spoils of the Jardin d'Acclimatation. There was, moreover, still left the right of complaint. At Brébant's, one night, there was displayed for the guests what seemed an excellent saddle of mutton. "We shall be eating the shepherd next," said Hébrard. As a matter of fact, it was a saddle of dog. "Saddle of dog! you say that it is dog!" cried Paul Saint-Victor in the peevish voice of an angry child. "It is not dog, is it, waiter?" "It is the third time you have eaten dog here," was all he got for an answer. And doubtless he found little to console him in the satisfaction of Nefftzer, a cheerful Swabian, who declared that, mutton or dog, he had never eaten so excellent a joint. "But," added Nefftzer, "if only Brébant would give us rat! I know how good it is,—in taste something between pork and partridge."

That this was the right spirit in which to take the blows of fate there can be no doubt. And Goncourt himself endured what came with a simple courage. Only once does he confess to fear, and that was when the Communards were pouring shell upon his villa and forcing him to take refuge ingloriously in the cellar. For the rest he put the blame where it was due, upon universal suffrage and a free press. When the vain mediocrities who governed Paris had condemned these two institutions, he thought recovery would be possible. Nor would he join the mob in insulting Napoleon III. and his Empress. Though he himself had suffered for what he had written at the hands of the Imperial Government, he was too well bred not to deplore the general chorus of abuse. He disapproved of the foolish project of publishing Napoleon's correspondence merely to throw discredit on his name, and records in the Emperor's favour that one day visiting his friend Burty, who had

charge of the edition, he picked up a paper at hazard, and found it a bill for the darning of socks, a humble process for which this *grand dépensier* had paid five sous a pair! But before all things and in the direst straits Goncourt did not forget that he was a man of letters. Literature, with its claims and its privileges, is seldom absent from his thought. It is the keynote of his Journal. It was as a writer that he lived and starved and suffered. The worst of the war was that it stood in the way of humane letters. It was a haunting preoccupation which prevented the practice of a delicate art. "What a time," said Saint-Victor, "when you can't even read a book." "All is there"—that is Goncourt's simple comment. It is appropriate, therefore, that the real background of the war for the readers of Goncourt's Journal is Brébant's restaurant. For there it was that day after day met undismayed the poets, philosophers, and prose-writers of France. Berthelot and Robin envisaged the war as men of science. Théophile Gautier deplored, as well he might, the ruin of his craft and of his life. Paul Saint-Victor, sensitive and emotional, cried out already for the *revanche*, which seems at last to be coming, while Goncourt turned upon the ceaseless talk the light of his good sense and balanced experience. And ever Renan is heard deploring, with carping voice, the folly of his countrymen, and extolling the superior wisdom of the enemy, as though he were a British Whig, gratified by the news of a British defeat. In brief, the table-talk at Brébant's remains for us a most vivid picture of disaster seen through the eyes of intelligence.

There is a large meeting, for instance, on November 1, 1870, when the friends discuss the folly of Trochu and the impotence of the Government. So little interest do the Parisians take in their Ministers that few know who is in and who is out. Louis Blanc assures the company that the men of yesterday elected themselves, and then that they might pass muster added an illustrious name or two to the list, as one puts a feather in a hat. And while the discussion grows heated, Renan, in a fit of depression, his hands canonically crossed on his stomach, murmurs in the ear of Saint-Victor, delighted to hear Latin, a few verses of the Bible. "Then, in the midst of the ceaseless repetition of the causes of our ruin, Nefftzer exclaims: 'It is routine and rhetoric that have destroyed France.' 'Yes, it is classicism,' murmurs Théophile Gautier, interrupting an analysis which he was making in the corner of the quatrains of Omar Khayam to the excellent Chennevières." It is almost too good to be true, this discovery of Gautier's, that classicism was the ruin of France. In 1870 Romanticism was well-nigh half a century old, and must surely take its share of the responsibility. In

truth classicism was guiltless of the *débâcle*. Routine and rhetoric were surely to blame, but as Goncourt himself pointed out, it was "la blague, toujours la blague," that was the heaviest curse of all. "We are dying of *blague* more than of any other disease," he said, and added with a characteristic touch of vanity, "I am proud to have been the first to write it."

Yet to name a disease is not to cure it, and *la blague* continued to flourish even at Brébant's. A few weeks later we find Renan among the *blagueurs* discoursing of the sentiment of the Fatherland, a sentiment, said he, very natural in ancient times, and now wholly displaced by Catholicism. "As idealism is the heir of Catholicism," he protested, "idealists ought not to have too close an attachment to the soil, they should be free from toils so miserably ethnographical as the toils of their country. The fatherland of idealists is the land which allows them to think." No wonder Berthelot fiercely interrupted this infamous thesis; no wonder Goncourt could not hide his anger. Renan was unperturbed, and avowed that he saw nothing which should enrage or disturb the heart of the patriot in a foreign domination. That was bad enough, but still harder was it to hear from Renan the praise of Bismarck, of the super-man, and the repetition of the formula that "Might is Right." And with Renan argument was impossible, for, if he were countered, he instantly took refuge in a long dissertation upon Job, Esther, Judith, and Machabees.

With the end of the war came the worst insult of all. As it had begun with a letter of Renan to Strauss, so it closed upon a letter of Mommsen to Renan, in which the historian, after urging that the time had come to renew the old relations and to take up again the work of intelligence common to both nations, declared that it would be worthy the Academy to continue the pensions which Napoleon III. had paid to foreigners. Goncourt's comment is not a whit too strong. "They are wonderfully impudent, these German savants," he wrote; "they are like clerks who, with a humble smile upon their lips and rolling their hats between their hands, come and ask their employer, whom they have ruined, pillaged, burned, to take them back again." As a patriot, then, Renan failed his friends completely. As a critic, he failed them also. It is not without a shudder that Goncourt records that Renan, in full war-time, solemnly pronounced Jules Simon, who was not a German, to be the greatest living writer of French, and, yet more daring, proclaimed aloud that he had no admiration for the style of Chateaubriand! Is not that a worse sin even than flouting the Fatherland?

The hardships of war fall with an unequal weight upon peaceful citizens. And none

supported a heavier weight of misery in 1870 than Théophile Gautier. It was forty years since he had raised the *oriflamme* of revolt at the first night of "Hernani," and these forty years had been packed for him with ceaseless toil. He had looked forward reasonably to a surcease, and had arranged for himself a house which should have been the *angulus ridens* of his age. The war shattered his hopes, and there is no sadder portrait in the Journal of Goncourt than that of Gautier, oppressed by poverty and the Prussians. It was the Republic, he said, that had killed him. Had the Empire survived, he pictured himself, said he with admirable raillery, a member of the Academy, perhaps a senator. But what chance had he of honour with a mob of *communards?* Nothing was left him, who had lived a life of gay adventure, but to take refuge in a fifth floor in the Rue de Beaune. There in his garret, filled with cigar-smoke, Goncourt found him, with little more furniture than an iron bedstead, a rush-covered chair, upon which his haggard cats, the cats of famine, the very shades of cats, stretched themselves restlessly. And Gautier himself was there in a red cap and a velvet jacket, old and stained like the coat of a Neapolitan cook. This master of discourse and of letters, says Goncourt, might have been a doge in low water, a poor and melancholy Marino Faliero, played at the theatre Saint Marcel. Yet the old fire was still alight, the old humour radiant as ever. He talked, says Goncourt, as Rabelais might have talked, and seemed a bitter example, in his visitor's eyes, of the world's injustice. Such are the inequalities of fate! The popular novelist lives, as he should, in vulgar splendour. The poet, the leader of forlorn hopes, the maker of immortal phrases, dies under a double load of war and poverty in a dark and time-stained garret.

Will this war, we wonder, inspire in any land so wisely detached a record as Edmond de Goncourt's? Will any hand give us a sketch, for instance, as malicious as his sketch of Flaubert, all unconscious of his country's ruin, wandering about with a portfolio as large as a Minister's and triply locked, which contained the priceless manuscript of the 'Temptation of St Anthony,' and assuring his friends that the siege and the Commune were nothing—merely the normal history of humanity? We think not. The literary atmosphere is lacking to our age, even in France. Paris, become a place of serious resort, has exchanged its pens for swords, and the masters of prose—Charles Maurras and Maurice Barrès—are devoting all the resources of their art to the service of the Fatherland, to the dissemination in a corrupt Republic of right political views. Edmond de Goncourt, on the other hand, though he was a stern enemy of democracy, regarded himself as a writer

before all things. He was no more easily inclined than Flaubert himself to renounce in the cause of politics the search for the right phrase. But the self-consciousness of his style and thought are no longer part of the Parisian's heritage; and though when peace is signed there will be a vast literature of the war, it will not be composed in the vein nor to the purpose of the 'Journal de Goncourt.'

Nor can we look for any masterpieces of literary expression from the eye-witnesses of the present contest. It passes the skill of prose to set forth the manifold intricacies of a modern battle. When the vast armies of to-day stand face to face in conflict, they are playing a "game" which may be discerned only in corners. Each regiment, each man must play his part in complete ignorance of that which passes twenty miles away in the same field. And though the official histories of the war, which presently will be published, will set forth a statistical account, they will not attempt a synthesis, or an imaginative presentation of the innumerable facts. The truth is, that a battle defies, and will always defy, the resources of literature. An artist may describe the impact of war upon an individual: he can convey but a blurred impression of the thousand activities, tactical, scientific, and human, which make up a battle as it is fought with modern weapons of precision, aided by wireless telegraphy, flying machines, and all the delicate instruments of man's craft and knowledge. In truth, it has always been a hazardous enterprise to put upon paper the incidents of war. It does not help us much to know what part the artillery played, which regiments advanced first to the attack. The customary exaggerations of the old-fashioned war correspondents, now happily unknown and forgotten things, told us little enough. The rain of bullets, the gleaming swords, the flashing bayonets were never anything more than the counters of impotence, counters which never again will be palmed off upon us as the current coin of truth. And if the object of literary art is to show us the facts of life as seen through a temperament, we can know little more of a battle than that which is felt and suffered by one man. It is to the clear understanding of these limitations that Tolstoi, the best painter of the stricken field that ever lived, owed his success. He was too great an artist ever to attempt the impossible. His battles are real to us, because he makes it clear how each of them affected this or that hero. They are no mere affairs of drums and trumpets, no mere marches of victorious generals. They are realities suffered in silence and alone by a single combatant. They have the imperturbability of experience. Tolstoi, by scorning the aid of the reporter's artifice, by declining to arrest the reader's attention by rattle

or bull's-eye, has succeeded in producing by the legitimate processes of his art an effect which is not so much an impression of life as life itself. And, being a soldier, he knew that in a battle at any rate the part is greater than the whole.

The war of 1870, as it inspired the vividest volume of Goncourt's 'Journal,' so it provided the novelists with abundant material. The 'Soirées de Médan,' for instance, the work of Zola and those whom he fondly hoped were of his school, were the direct result of the campaign. They were examples, one and all, so the master thought, of the same method. In other words, Naturalism was coming into fashion, and Zola and his friends took advantage of the mode. To-day, when Naturalism is dead and never likely to come to life again, we can look at these strange stories with the cold eye of criticism. There is not one of them that does not say too much. Reticence was beyond the reach of Zola always, and his friends for the moment were loyal in imitation. For Zola's sake, they emptied their sacks, so to say, and showed us to the last piece of rubbish what they contained. They spared nothing that might give to their writing an appearance of extreme candour. And the result is that their stories appear to-day of a far older fashion than anything else in French literature. We regret their obedience to a false method the more, because they looked upon war with the right eyes. They did not try to see it whole. Each chose an incident which was small enough, acutely enough personal, to be described and discussed in thirty pages. Above all, they were sincere, each of them, to their point of view. Huysmans went through the war without hearing a shot fired, and saw the conflict in which his country was engaged from the dull security of a hospital. He knew no greater excitement than escape from the doctor's eye, and obeyed the call of France in the spirit of a truant schoolboy. For Paul Alexis it was enough to retell in terms of Naturalism the well-worn story of the Ephesian widow. Guy de Maupassant's 'Boule de Suif' is perhaps the best known story of them all. It has the dry humour of the Norman temperament, and yet does not its brutality seem dismoded to-day? Zola alone played the traitor to his own method. His 'Attaque du Moulin' is a story not of Naturalism but of sentiment, and the best proof that it is unworthy the grim austerity of the 'Rougon-Macquart' is that it has been converted into an opera. The 'Soirées de Médan' have their faults, it is true, yet as a literary expression of a great war they will survive, in spite of the vice of Naturalism, which informs them with a superfluous crudity. Theirs at any rate is the virtue of freshness, the merit of things seen, a virtue and a merit which are not always apparent

in Zola's maturer memory of 'La Débâcle.'

The gallant defence of Liége, the battles fought upon Belgian soil, will have one result, wholly unconnected with politics and warfare: they will bring France and Belgium closer together than they have been for centuries. These two countries, which have a common language and which have shared a great literature, have been divorced by their very propinquity. It is commonplace that neighbours do not always make the best friends. A kind of jealousy, for instance, often disparts two English counties, which have no other division than an imaginary frontier-line. There was a time, indeed, when France affected to despise the nation which lived and worked across her northern boundary. Baudelaire, it will be remembered, designed a book which should castigate the Belgians as he thought they deserved. He had been ill and unhappy in their country. The money which he had earned by giving lectures was not paid him. He fell into a penury so profound that he could not purchase the drugs prescribed him by the doctor. He had thought that France was an absolutely barbarous country. Now he was forced to acknowledge that he had discovered a country more barbarous even than France. It is not surprising, therefore, that a poet, sensitive as was Baudelaire, should have avenged himself upon a people which he thought had injured him. "Everything is against me here," he wrote; "everything has done me harm, especially my visible sympathy with the Jesuits. You probably know what an extraordinary situation the Ministry is in. I hoped for shots and barricades. But the people is too stupid to fight for ideas. Had there been a question of raising the price of beer, it would have been different." The longer he stayed in Belgium, the fiercer became his fury. "When I think that in this dog of a country," he wrote, "I have found nothing except lying, theft, enforced loss of money, and that Belgium has done me no other service than to make my affairs in Paris more difficult, I am seized with a kind of rage."

And so he sketched the book in which all his injuries should be avenged. The book was never written, and we can judge what it would have been only by its outlines. There was no art in Belgium, said Baudelaire, and no artists except Rops. The price which a picture might fetch was the only method of criticism practised by the Belgians, and the mere existence of Wiertz was in his eyes an insult to good sense, as indeed it is. He found the religion of the country no better than its art—a mixture of Neapolitan superstition and Protestant pedantry. He was enraged that the churches were opened only at fixed hours *à la Prussienne*, and that he could not pray when he would.

In brief, nowhere was there a gleam of intelligence nor a hint of beauty. Even the picture-galleries deserved contempt, and he could breathe only on the quays at Antwerp. Such was some of the material of the book which was never written, and which never will be written. The charges which Baudelaire put into his indictment of the whole nation were inspired by the haunting fancy of a sick man. Since Baudelaire's time the poets of Belgium have proved their right to be judged by the lofty standard of Paris. Maeterlinck and Verhaeren, though they have to-day fallen from their vogue, may still claim a European reputation. But the fame which they have won is as a strand of cotton compared with the chain which now binds Frenchman and Belgian in an inseparable friendship. Never again will the slanders of Baudelaire be repeated. The Belgians have proved that they can and will fight for ideas, for the love and independence of their country, with the gallantry of heroes. The siege of Liége is enshrined, as a supreme act of courage, in the heart of France. Henceforth the French and the Belgians are sworn brothers in arms. And there is no brotherhood so staunch, so firmly lasting, as a brotherhood of arms.

FIVE–FOUR–EIGHT.

BY JEFFERY E. JEFFERY.

RAIN! pitiless, incessant, drenching rain, that seemed to ooze and trickle and soak into every nook and cranny in the world, beat down upon the already sodden ground and formed great pools of water in every hollow. Fires blazed and flickered at intervals, revealing within the glowing circles of their light the huddled forms of weary soldiers; and all the myriad sounds of a huge camp blended imperceptibly with the raindrops' steady patter.

According to orders the 8th Division had concentrated upon the main army for the impending battle. At dawn that day its leading battalion had swung out of camp to face the storm and the mud; not until dusk had the last unit dropped exhausted into its bivouac. For fourteen hours the troops had groped their way along the boggy roads: and they had marched but one-and-twenty miles. Incredibly slow! incredibly wearisome! But they had effected the purpose of their chief. They had arrived in time.

The headquarters of the divisional artillery had been established in a ramshackle old barn at one corner of the field in which the batteries were camped. Within its shelter the General and his staff of three crouched over a small fire. The roof leaked, the floor was wet and indescribably filthy; their seats were saddles, and their only light a guttering candle. But to those four tired men, the little fire, the dirty barn, the thought of food and sleep, seemed Heaven.

Brigadier-General Maudeslay, known to his irreverent but affectionate subordinates as "the Maud," was a fat little man of fifty, who owed his present rank largely to his steady adherence to principles of sound common-sense. For theoretical knowledge he depended, so he frankly declared, upon the two staff officers with whom he was supplied. Nevertheless, those who knew him well agreed that in quickness to grasp the salient points of any given situation and in accuracy of decision he had few superiors. It was his habit, when pondering on his line of action, to walk round in a circle, his hands behind his back, humming softly to himself. Then, swiftly and with conscious certainty, he would act. And he was seldom wrong.

At the moment, however, his thoughts were not concerned with tactics but with food. For some time he sat before the fire in silence, then suddenly exclaimed—

"Thank the Lord! I hear the baggage coming in. Go and hurry it up, Tony."

Tony, whose rarely used surname was Quarme, was an

artillery subaltern of seven years' service, attached to the General's staff as personal A.D.C. On him devolved the irksome task of catering for the headquarter mess. It was his principal, though not his only function: and, owing to scarcity of provisions, a daily change of camp, and a General who took considerable interest in the quality of his food, it was a duty which often taxed his temper and his ingenuity to the utmost.

He got up, wriggled himself into his clammy waterproof, and splashed out into the mud and darkness.

"Tony," observed the General to his Brigade-Major, "is not such a failure at this job as you predicted."

"He's astonished me so far, I must confess," was the reply. "I always thought him rather a lazy young gentleman, with no tastes for anything beyond horses and hunting."

"My dear Hartley, he was lazy because he was bored." The General, being devoted to hunting himself, spoke a little testily. "Peace soldiering," he went on, "*is* apt to bore sometimes. Tony is not what *you'd* call a professional soldier. His military interests are strictly confined to the reputation of his battery, and to his own ability to command two guns in action. Naturally he was pleased when I appointed him A.D.C. The part of the year's work which interested him, practice camp and so on, was over. In place of the tedium of manœuvres as a regimental subaltern, he foresaw a novel and more or less amusing occupation on my staff for the rest of the summer, and he knew that he would go back to his own station in the autumn in time for the hunting season. But he did not reckon on the possibility of war, and therefore he is now dissatisfied. I know it as well as if he'd told me so himself."

"How do you mean, sir?"

"Oh! he doesn't dislike the job: I don't mean that. But he can't help feeling that he's been sold. I can almost hear him saying to himself, 'Here have I struggled through seven years' soldierin' thinking always that some day I should be loosed upon a battlefield with a pair of guns and a good fat target of advancing infantry. And now that the time *has* come, I'm stuck with this rotten staff job.'"

"By Jove!" said the other, "I never thought of that."

"No, Hartley, you wouldn't. In your case the 'gunner' instinct has been obliterated by that of the staff officer. The guns have lost their fascination for you. Isn't that so?"

"In a way, yes."

"Well, in some men—and Tony happens to be one of them—that fascination lasts as long as life itself. Often enough in ordinary times it lies dormant. But as soon as war comes it shows itself at once in the mad rush made by officers to get back to batteries—that is, to go on service *with the guns*. It is the curse of our regiment in some ways: many potential generals abandon their ambitions be-

cause of it. But it's also our salvation."

He relapsed into silence, staring into the fire. Perhaps he, too, regretted for the moment that he was a general, and wished that, instead of thirteen batteries, he commanded only one.

Meanwhile the subject of their discussion had succeeded in finding the headquarters' baggage waggon. Ignoring the protests of infuriated transport officers who were endeavouring to direct more than two hundred vehicles to their destinations, he had lured it out of the chaos and guided it to its appointed place. As the waggon came to a standstill outside the barn the tarpaulin was raised at the back and the vast proportions of the gunner who combined the duties of servant to Tony and cook to the mess slowly emerged.

From his right hand dangled a shapeless, flabby mass.

"What the devil have you got there, Tebbut?" demanded Tony.

"Ducks, sir," was the unexpected reply. "We was 'alted near a farm-'ouse to-day, so I took the chanst to buy some milk and butter. While the chap was away fetchin' the stuff, I pinched these 'ere ducks. Fat they are, too!"

He spoke in the matter-of-fact tones of one to whom the theft of a pair of ducks, and the feat of plucking them within the narrow confines of a packed G.S. waggon, was no uncommon experience.

"Well, look sharp and cook 'em. We're hungry," said Tony.

He stayed until he saw that the dinner was well under way, and then floundered off through the mud to see his horses. Of these he was allowed by regulations three, but one, hastily purchased during the mobilisation period by an almost distracted remount officer, had already succumbed to the effects of overwork and under-feeding. There remained the charger which he had had with his battery in peace time, and which he now used for all ordinary work—and Dignity.

The latter was well named. He was a big brown horse, very nearly thoroughbred—a perfect hunter and a perfect gentleman. Tony had bought him as a four-year-old at a price that was really far beyond his means, and had trained him himself. He used openly to boast that Dignity had taken to jumping as a duck takes to water, and that he had never been known to turn from a fence. In the course of four seasons, the fastest burst, the heaviest ground, the longest hunt had never been too much for him. Always he would gallop calmly on, apparently invincible. His owner almost worshipped him.

Horse rugs are not part of the field service equipment of an officer. But to the discerning (and unscrupulous) few there is a way round almost every regulation. Dignity had three rugs, and his legs were swathed in warm flannel bandages. As he stood there on the leeward side of a fence busily searching the bottom of his nose-bag for the last few oats of his meagre ration, he was probably the most comfortable

animal of all the thousands in the camp.

Tony spent some time examining his own and the General's horses, and giving out the orders for the morning to the grooms. By the time he got back to the barn it was past ten, and Tebbut was just solemnly announcing "dinner" as being served.

"The Maud" eyed the dish of steaming ducks with evident approval, but avoided asking questions. Loot had been very strictly forbidden.

"We ought by rights to have apple sauce with these," he said, drawing his saddle close up to the low deal table and giving vent to a sigh of expectancy.

"Hi've got some 'ere, sir," responded the resourceful Tebbut. "There was a horchard near the road to-day."

He produced, as he spoke, a battered tin which, from the inscription on its label, had once contained "selected peaches." It was now more than half full of a concoction which bore a passable resemblance to apple sauce.

For half an hour conversation languished. They had eaten nothing but a sandwich since early morning, and the demands of appetite were more exacting than their interest in the programme for the morrow.

But as soon as Tebbut, always a stickler for the usages of polite society, had brushed away the crumbs with a dirty dish-cloth and handed round pint mugs containing coffee, Hartley unrolled a map and, under instructions from the General, began to prepare the orders.

As a result of a reconnaissance in force that day the enemy's advanced troops had been driven in, and the extent of his real position more or less accurately defined. The decisive attack, of which the 8th Division was to form a part, was to be directed against the left. Barring the way on this flank, however, was a hill marked on the map as Point *548*, which was situate about two miles in front of the main hostile position. The enemy had not yet been dislodged from this salient, but a brigade of infantry had been detailed to assault it that night. In the event of success a battery was to be sent forward to occupy it at dawn, after which the main attack would begin. General Maudeslay had been ordered to provide this battery.

"Don't put anything in orders about it, though, Hartley," he said. "It will have to be one from the 81st Brigade, which has suffered least so far. I'll send separate confidential instructions to the Colonel. Get an orderly, will you, Tony."

"I'll take the message myself, sir, if I may," suggested the A.D.C. "It's my own brigade, and I'd like to look them up."

"All right; only don't forget to come back," said the General, smiling.

Tony pocketed the envelope and peered out into the night. The rain had ceased and the sky was clear. Far away to right and left the bivouac fires glimmered like reflections

of the starry heavens. The troops, worn out with the hardships of the day, had fallen asleep and the camp was silent. Only the occasional whinny of a horse, the challenge of a sentry, or the distant rumbling of benighted transport broke the stillness.

Tony's way led through the lines of the various batteries. The horses stood in rows, tied by their heads to long ropes stretched between the ammunition waggons. Fetlock-deep in liquid mud, without rugs, wet and underfed, they hung their heads dejectedly—a silent protest against the tyranny of war.

"Poor old hairies," thought Tony as he passed them, his mind picturing the spotless troop-stables and the shining coats that he had known so well in barracks, not a month ago.

He found the officers of his brigade assembled beneath a tarpaulin. Their baggage had been hours late, and though it was nearly eleven o'clock the evening meal was still in progress. He handed his message to the Adjutant and sat down to exchange greetings with his brother subalterns.

"Oh! there's bully beef for the batteries, but we've salmon all right on the staff," he sang softly, after sniffing suspiciously at the unpleasant-looking mess on his neighbour's plate, which was, in fact, ration tinned beef boiled hurriedly in a camp kettle. The song, of which the words were his own, fitted neatly to a popular turn of the moment. It treated of the difference in comfort of life on the staff and that in the batteries, and gave a verdict distinctly in favour of the former. He had sung it with immense success about 3 A.M. on his last night at home with his own brigade.

"Now, Tony," said some one, "you're on the staff. What's going to happen to-morrow?"

"A big show—will last two or three days, they say. But," he added, grinning, "you poor devils stuck away behind a hill won't see much of it. I suppose I shall be sent on my usual message — to tell you that you're doing no dam' good, and only wasting ammunition!"

But though he chaffed and joked his heart was heavy as he walked back an hour later. Somewhere out there in the mud was his own battery, which he worshipped as a god. And he was condemned to live away from it, to be absent when it dashed into action, when the breech-blocks rattled and the shells shrieked across the valleys.

He found the others still poring over the map. From the wallet on his saddle Tony pulled out a large travelling flask.

"I think that this is the time for the issue of my special emergency ration," he announced.

"What is it, Tony?" asked "the Maud."

"Best old liqueur brandy from our mess in England," he replied, pouring some into each of the four mugs.

Then he held up his own and added—

"Here's to the guns: may they be well served to-morrow."

Over the enamelled rim the General's eyes met Tony's for a moment, and he smiled; for he understood the sentiment.

Tony crawled beneath his blankets, and fell into a deep sleep, from which he roused himself with difficulty a few hours later as the first grey streaks of dawn were appearing in the sky.

II.

The press of work at the headquarters of a division during operations comes in periods of intense activity, during which every member of the staff, from the general downwards, feels that he is being asked to do the work of three men in an impossibly short space of time. One of these periods, that in which the orders for the initial stages of the attack had been distributed, had just passed, and a comparative calm had succeeded. Even the operator of the "buzzer" instrument, ensconced in a little triangular tent just large enough to hold one man in a prone position, had found time to smoke.

Divisional headquarters had been established at a point where five roads met, just below the crest of a low hill. A few yards away the horses clinked their bits and grazed. Occasionally the distant boom of a gun made them prick their ears and stare reflectively in the direction of the sound. The sun, with every promise of a fine day, was slowly dispelling the mist from the valley and woodlands below.

It was early: the battle had scarcely yet begun.

A huge map had been spread out on a triangular patch of grass at the road junction, its corners held down with stones. Staff officers lay around it talking eagerly. Above, on the top of the hill, General Maudeslay leant against a bank and gazed into the mist. The night attack, he knew, had been successful, and he was anxiously awaiting the appearance of the battery on Point *548*.

Tony was stretched at full length on the grass below him. He was warm, he was dry, and he was not hungry—a rare combination on service.

"This would be a grand cub-hunting morning, General," he said.

Ordinarily "the Maud" would have responded with enthusiasm, for hounds and hunting were the passion of his life. But now his thoughts were occupied with other matters, and he made no reply.

Then suddenly, as though at the rising of a curtain at a play, things began to happen. The telephone operator lifted his head with a start as his instrument began to give out its nervous, jerky, zt—zzz—zt. There was a clatter of hoofs along the road, and the sliding scrape of a horse pulled up sharply as an orderly appeared and handed in a message. Rifle fire, up till then desultory and unnoticed, began to in-

crease in volume. The mist had gone.

"The Maud," motionless against the bank, kept his glasses to his eyes for some minutes before lowering them, with a gesture of annoyance, and exclaimed—

"It's curious. That battery ought to be on *548* by now, but I can see no sign of it."

"You can't see *548* from here, sir. It's hidden behind that wood," said Tony, pointing as he spoke.

"What do you mean? There's *548*," said the General, also pointing, but to a hill much farther to their right.

"No, sir—at least not according to my map."

"The Maud" snatched the map from Tony's hand. A second's glance was enough. On it point *548* was marked as being farther to the left and considerably nearer to the enemy.

He turned on Tony like a flash.

"Good Lord! Why didn't you tell me that before?" he cried. "There must be two different editions of this map. Which one had they in your brigade when you went over there last night—the right one or the wrong one?"

But Tony, unfortunately, had no idea. His interest in tactics, as we have seen, was small, and his visit had not involved him in a discussion of the plan of battle. He had not even looked at their maps.

"The Maud" walked round in one small circle while he hummed eight bars. Then he said—

"They must have started for the wrong hill, and in this mist they won't have realised their danger. That battery will be wiped out unless we can stop it." He looked round quickly. "Signallers—no—useless: and the telephone not yet through. Tony, you'll have to go. There's no direct road. Go straight across country and you may just do it."

Tony was already half-way to the horses.

"Take up Dignity's stirrups two holes," he called as he ran towards them. "Quick, man, quick!"

It took perhaps twenty seconds, which seemed like as many minutes. He flung away belt and haversack, crammed his revolver into a side pocket, and was thrown up into the saddle. "The Maud" himself opened the gate off the road.

"Like hell, Tony, like hell!"

The General's words, shouted in his ear as he passed through on to the grass, seemed echoed in the steady beat of Dignity's hoofs as he went up to his bridle and settled into his long raking stride.

Tony leant out on his horse's neck, his reins crossed jockey fashion, his knees pressed close against the light hunting saddle. Before him a faded expanse of green stretched out for two miles to the white cottage on the hillside which he had chosen as his point. The rush of wind in his ears, the thud of iron-shod hoofs on sound old turf, the thrill that is born of speed, made him forget for a moment the war, the enemy, his mission. He

was back in England on a good scenting morning in November. Hounds were away on a straight-necked fox, and he had got a perfect start. Almost could he see them beside him, "close packed, eager, silent as a dream."

This was not humdrum soldiering—cold and hunger, muddy roads and dreary marches. It was Life.

"Steady, old man."

He leant back, a smile upon his lips, as a fence was flung behind them and the bottom of the valley came in sight.

"There's a brook: must chance it," he muttered, and then, mechanically and with instinctive eye, he chose his place. He took a pull until he felt that Dignity was going well within himself, and then, fifty yards away, he touched him with his heels and let him out. The stream, swollen with the deluge of the previous day, had become a torrent of swirling, muddy water, and it was by no means narrow. But Dignity knew his business. Gathering his powerful quarters under him in the last stride, he took off exactly right and fairly hurled himself into space.

They landed with about an inch to spare.

"Good for you!" cried Tony, standing in his stirrups and looking back, as they breasted the slope beyond. From the top he had hoped to see the battery somewhere on the road, but he found that the wood obstructed his view, and he was still uncertain, therefore, as to whether he was in time or not.

"It's a race," he said, and sat down in his saddle to ride a finish.

But half-way across the next field Dignity put a foreleg into a blind and narrow drain and turned completely over.

Tony was thrown straight forward on to his head and stunned.

. . . . . .

A quarter of an hour later he had recovered consciousness and was staring about him stupidly. The air was filled with the din of battle, but apparently the only living thing near him was Dignity, quietly grazing. He noticed, at first without understanding, that the horse moved on three legs only. His off foreleg was swinging. Tony got up and limped stiffly towards him. He bent down to feel the leg and found that it was broken.

Slowly, reluctantly, he pulled out his revolver and put in a cartridge. It was, perhaps, the hardest thing he had ever had to do. He drew Dignity's head down towards the ground, placed the muzzle against his forehead and fired.

The horse swayed for a fraction of a second, then collapsed forward, lifeless, with a thud: and Tony felt as though his heart would break.

Gradually he began to remember what had happened, and he wondered vaguely how long he had lain unconscious. In front of him stretched the wood which he had seen before he started, hiding from his view not only the actual hill but the road which led to it. He knew that on foot, bruised and shaken as he was, he could never now

arrive in time. He had failed, and must return.

Then, as he stood sadly watching Dignity's fast glazing eyes, he heard the thunder of hundreds of galloping hoofs, and looked up quickly. Round the corner of the wood, in wild career, came, not a cavalry charge as he had half expected, but teams — gun teams and limbers — but no guns. The battery had got into action on the hill, but a lucky hostile shell, wide of its mark, had dropped into the waggon line and stampeded the horses. A few drivers still remained, striving in vain to pull up. They might as well have tried to stop an avalanche.

Tony watched them flash past him to the rear. Still dazed with his fall, it was some seconds before the truth burst upon him.

He knew those horses.

"My God!" he cried aloud, "it's my own battery that's up there!"

In a moment all thought of his obvious duty—to return and report—was banished from his mind. He forgot the staff and his connection with it. One idea, and one only, possessed him—somehow, anyhow, to get to the guns.

Dizzily he started off towards the hill. His progress was slow and laboured. His head throbbed as though there was a metal piston within beating time upon his brain. The hot sun caused the sweat to stream into his eyes. The ground was heavy, and his feet sank into it at every step. Twice he stopped to vomit.

At last he reached the road and followed the tracks of the gun-wheels up it until he came to the gap in the hedge through which the battery had evidently gone on its way into action. The slope was strewn with dead and dying horses: drivers were crushed beneath them; and an up-ended limber pointed its pole to the sky like the mast of a derelict ship. The ground was furrowed with the impress of many heavy wheels, and everywhere was ripped and scarred with the bullet marks of low-burst shrapnel. But ominously enough, amid all these signs of conflict no hostile fire seemed to come in his direction.

The hill rose sharply for a hundred yards or so, and then ran forward for some distance nearly flat. Tony therefore, crawling up, did not see the battery until he was quite close to it.

Panting, he stopped aghast and stared.

Four guns were in position with their waggons beside them. The remnants of the detachments crouched behind the shields. Piles of empty cartridge-cases and little mounds of turf behind the trails testified that these four guns, at least, had been well served. But the others! One was still limbered up: evidently a shell had burst immediately in front of it. Its men and horses were heaped up round it almost as though they were tin soldiers which a child had swept together on the floor. The remaining gun pointed backward down the hill, forlorn and desolate.

In the distance, for miles

and miles, the noise of battle crashed and thundered in the air. But here it seemed some magic spell was cast, and everything was still and silent as the grave.

Sick at heart, Tony contemplated the scene of carnage and destruction for one brief moment. Then he made his way towards the only officer whom he could see, and from him learnt exactly what had happened.

The major commanding the battery, it appeared, deceived first by the map and then by the fog, had halted his whole battery where he imagined that it was hidden from view. But as soon as the mist had cleared away he found that it was exposed to the fire of the hostile artillery at a range of little more than a mile. The battery had been caught by a hail of shrapnel before it could get into action. Only this one officer remained, and there were but just enough men to work the four guns that were in position. Ammunition, too, was getting very short.

Tony looked at his watch. It was only eight o'clock. From his vague idea of the general plan of battle he knew that the decisive attack would eventually sweep forward over the hill on which he stood. But how soon?

At any moment the enemy might launch a counter-attack and engulf his battery. Its position could hardly have been worse. Owing to the flat top of the hill nothing could be seen from the guns except the three hundred yards immediately in front of them and the high ground a mile away on which the enemy's artillery was posted. The intervening space was hidden. Yet it was impossible to move. Any attempt to go forward to where they could see, or backward to where they would be safe, would be greeted, Tony knew well enough, with a burst of fire which would mean annihilation. Besides, he remembered the stampeding waggon line. The battery was without horses, immobile. To wait patiently for succour was its only hope.

Having ascertained that a man had been posted out in front to give warning of an attack, Tony sat down to await developments with philosophic calm. The fact that he had no right to be there at all, but that his place was with the General, did not concern him in the slightest. It had always been his ambition "to fight a battery in the real thing," as he would himself have phrased it, and he foresaw that he was about to do so with a vengeance. He was distressed by the havoc that he saw, but in all other respects he was content.

For hours nothing happened. The enemy evidently considered that the battery was effectually silenced, and did not deign to waste further ammunition upon it. Then, when Tony had almost fallen asleep, the sentry at the forward crest semaphored in a message—

"Long thick line of infantry advancing: will reach foot of hill in about five minutes.

Supports behind." Almost at the same moment an orderly whom Tony recognised as belonging to his General's staff arrived from the rear. Tony seized upon him eagerly.

"Where have you come from?" he demanded.

"From the General, sir. 'E sent me to find you and to tell you to come back."

"Did you pass any of our infantry on your way?"

"Yes, sir. There's a lot coming on. They'll be round the wood in a minute or two."

"Well, go back to them and give *any* officer this message," said Tony, writing rapidly in his note-book.

"Beg pardon, sir, but that will take me out of my way. I'm the last orderly the General 'as got left, and I was told to find out what 'ad 'appened 'ere, and then to come straight back."

"I don't care a damn what you were told. You go with that message *now*."

The man hurried off, and Tony walked along the line of guns, saw that they were laid on the crest line in front, and that the fuzes were set at zero. This would have the effect of bursting the shell at the muzzles, and so creating a death-zone of leaden bullets through which the attacking infantry would have to fight their way. Then he took up his post behind an ammunition waggon on the right of the battery, and fixed his eyes on the signaller in front. He felt himself to be in the same state of tingling excitement as when he waited outside a good fox-covert expecting the welcome "Gone away."

Suddenly the signaller rose, and, crouching low, bolted back towards the guns. Just as he reached them a few isolated soldiers began to appear over the crest in front. As soon as they saw the guns they lay down waiting for support. They were the advanced scouts of a battalion.

A moment afterwards, a thick line of men came in sight. The sun gleamed on their bayonets. There was a shout, and they surged forward towards the battery.

"Three rounds gun fire," Tony shouted. The four guns went off almost simultaneously, and at once the whole front was enveloped in thick, white smoke from the bursting shell. In spite of diminished detachments the guns were quickly served. Again and once again they spoke within a second of each other.

The smoke cleared slowly, for there was scarcely a breath of wind. Meanwhile the assailants had taken cover, and were beginning to use their rifles. Bullets, hundreds of them, tore the ground in front and clanged against the shields. Tony stepped back a few yards and looked down into the valley behind him. A thin line of skirmishers had almost reached the foot of the hill. His message had been delivered.

He came back to the cover of his waggon. The enemy began to come forward by rushes—a dozen men advancing twenty yards, perhaps.

"Repeat," said Tony.

Again the guns blazed and

roared: again the pall of smoke obscured the view. A long trailing line of infantry began to climb the hill behind him. But the enemy was working round the flanks of the battery and preparing for the final rush. It was a question of whether friend or foe would reach him first. For the second time that day Tony muttered "It's a race!"

Then, as he saw the whole line rise and charge straight at him—

"Gun fire," he yelled above the din, knowing that by that order the ammunition would be expended to the last round.

He jumped to the gun nearest him, working the breech with mechanical precision, while the only gunner left in the detachment loaded and fired.

"Last round, sir," came in a hoarse whisper, as Tony slammed the breach and leant back with left arm outstretched ready to swing it open again. In front they could see nothing: the smoke hung like a thick white blanket. Tony drew his revolver and stood up, peering over the shield, expecting every moment to see a line of bayonets emerge.

There was a roar behind. He heard the rush of feet and the rattle of equipment. He was conscious of the smell of sweating bodies and the sight of wild, frenzied faces. Then the charge, arriving just in time, swept past him, a mad irresistible wave of humanity, driving the enemy before it and leaving the guns behind like rocks after the passage of a flood.

Tony fell back over the trail in a dead faint.

Long afterwards, when the tide of battle had rolled on towards the opposing heights, Tony, pale, grimy, but exultant, started back with the intention of rejoining his General. Halfway down the hill he met him riding up.

Tony turned and walked beside him.

"What's happened here, and where the devil have you been all day?" asked "the Maud" angrily.

"I've been here, sir."

"So it appears. I sent an orderly to find you, and all you did was to despatch him on a message of your own, I understand. We were in urgent need of information as to what had happened up here. You failed to stop this battery, and it was your duty to come straight back and tell me so."

Tony had never seen the placid Maud so angry. He glanced up at him as he sat there bolt upright on his horse looking straight to his front.

"It was my own battery," said Tony. Then, after a pause, he added recklessly—"Would you have come back, sir, if you'd been me?"

The Maud stared past him up the hill. He saw the guns, with the dead and wounded strewn around them, safe. He was a gunner first, a general only afterwards. He hummed a little tune.

"No," he said, "I wouldn't."

THE WAR.

A MONTH ago we stood, as we believed, upon the brink of civil war. To-day we are plunged knee-deep in a nobler, more hazardous strife. No sooner was the bellicose purpose of Germany made plain than the temper of the people changed completely. There is no longer any talk of dissension or misunderstanding. However bitterly we may quarrel among ourselves through the baleful accident of party politics, we stand united against the common foe. In brief, Great Britain and Ireland have borne themselves as all their friends knew they would, and they have been rudely disillusioned who hoped to surprise us in a moment of enforced inaction.

The prospect of a war with Germany should have been before our eyes for many years. The truth has been told upon the house-tops in words that might have been plain even to our apathetic citizens. Writers, so far different the one from the other in sentiment and ambition as Mr Maxse and Mr Blatchford, have done their best (with many more) to enlighten the world, and they have been ridiculed as alarm-mongers for their pains. It is clear at last that their alarm was amply justified, that they spoke and wrote with the fearless loyalty of patriots. The alarm-mongers were right, as they commonly are. Nor had they remained silent would indications of danger been lacking. Ever since the Emperor William sent his foolish telegram to Kruger we have condoned unnumbered insults at the hands of the Germans. Such professors as Treitschke and Wagner and Delbrück have joined with the official press in vilifying us and in distorting our legitimate aims. And all the while our enemies have pretended to themselves that we are an effete nation, incapable of resistance and hardly worth a settled policy of aggression. Had we wished, we might have known all that was being said and thought in Germany; yet in accord with our customary indifference we have flattered with honorary degrees the very professors who have been loudest in insolence, while our own learned men, ignorant of affairs, have prated foolishly of German science and German scholarship, of the debt which they owed to our bitter rivals. The situation has been wholly discreditable to us. In spite of the energy of those who were determined to weaken our opposition, we should have been prepared for the worst. Surely the German sailors who demanded a mighty fleet and who drank *am Tage* were no apostles of peace. The "intellectuals" were unmoved and immovable. War seemed impossible to those pious gentlemen who believe that it is a

crime to shed the blood of any others than their own fellow-citizens. And now the war, foreseen by the wise, has come upon the "intellectuals" as a strange unwelcome surprise.

For many weeks the Germans have manœuvred for a favourable opening. They have hoped against hope that they might thrust the burden of provocation upon our side, and they have been disappointed. It is in vain that the Emperor proclaims that the sword was thrust roughly into his hands. The publication of Sir Edward Grey's White Paper, which bears the simple title "Correspondence respecting the European Crisis," makes clear for always upon whom lies the blame of the greatest war the world has ever seen. This collection of documents forms, so to say, the first act of a tragedy, which is the more intense because none of the interlocutors, save one, knows what the conclusion will be. The grave simplicity of its style produces such an effect as mere eloquence could never achieve. It is now evident that the war, like most tragedies, sprang from a small beginning. When Austria insisted that Servia owed her ample reparation for the injuries and insults which she had sustained, and which had culminated in the murder of the Crown Prince and his wife, Europe was confronted by a problem which did not seem insoluble. That a universal conflagration should be lit by so small a spark was not expected outside Germany by the most resolute pessimist. It was not until July 20 that doubts began to arise. Then it was that Sir Edward Grey asked the German Ambassador in London "if he had any news of what was going on in Vienna with regard to Servia." The German Ambassador, kept in the dark no doubt by his Imperial master, replied that he had no news, but that "Austria was certainly going to take some step, and he regarded the situation as very uncomfortable." A few days later Austria presented her famous note to Servia, complete compliance with which would have reduced Servia to the position of a humble vassal. The note was received with astonishment and indignation by all the Powers save Germany. "The murder of the Archduke," wrote Sir Edward Grey to our Ambassador in Vienna, "and some of the circumstances respecting Servia quoted in the note, aroused sympathy with Austria, as was but natural, but at the same time I had never before seen one State address to another independent State a document of so formidable a character." Formidable, in truth, it was, and by design. For its purpose was not merely to intimidate Servia, but to hasten the European war for which Germany believed herself ready and the rest of the world unprepared.

That Austria did as she was bid by her powerful ally there can be no doubt. "Although I am not able to verify it," wrote Sir M. de Bunsen six days after

the presentation of the note, "I have private information that the German Ambassador knew the text of the Austrian ultimatum to Servia before it was despatched, and telegraphed it to the German Emperor. I know from the German Ambassador himself that he endorses every word of it." That being so, the hope of peace was small indeed. The German Emperor had chosen what he thought was the moment, and had prepared for war. Even when Servia accepted every clause of the formidable note save two, and proposed that the propriety of these should be decided at the Hague, Austria repelled the advance with indignation. The attempt of Russia and England to ensure peace was foredoomed to failure. Germany's mind was made up, and all her tedious discussions with the Ambassadors of foreign Powers were mere exercises in political hypocrisy. While she mobilised herself, she found it a *casus belli* that Russia should mobilise in the south, as a natural precaution following the declaration of war by Austria upon Servia. She pretended to press mediation upon Austria when her purpose was irrevocable. To read the telegraphic despatches which passed between Sir Edward Grey and our Ambassador in Berlin is to see clearly to what a height of cynicism the arrogance of Germany has persuaded her Emperor to climb.

The masterpiece of insolence was achieved by the German Chancellor. On July 29 he made a deliberate attempt to purchase the honour and the neutrality of the nation which his countrymen have for years outraged and affected to despise. There would have been something suspicious in this sudden and belated desire to claim the friendship of England, even had the terms themselves not been base. Hear his proposal: "The Chancellor said," thus writes Sir E. Goschen, "that should Austria be attacked by Russia a European conflagration might, he feared, become inevitable, owing to Germany's obligations as Austria's ally, in spite of his continued efforts to maintain peace. He then proceeded to make the following strong bid for British neutrality. He said it was clear, as far as he was able to judge the main principle which governed British policy, that Great Britain would never stand by and allow France to be crushed in any conflict there might be. That, however, was not the object at which Germany aimed. Provided that neutrality with Great Britain were certain, every assurance would be given the British Government that the Imperial Government aimed at no territorial acquisitions at the expense of France, should they prove victorious in any war that might ensue. I questioned his Excellency about the French colonies, and he said that he was unable to give a similar undertaking in that respect. As regards Holland, however, his Excellency said that so long as Ger-

many's adversaries respected the integrity and neutrality of the Netherlands, Germany was ready to give his Majesty's Government an assurance that she would do likewise. It depended upon the action of France what operations Germany might be forced to enter upon in Belgium, but when the war was over, Belgian integrity would be respected if she had not sided against Germany." Thus was Germany's plot uncovered with a frigid candour. England was to go back upon her friend without a word, and was to permit the armed invasion of Belgium, whose neutrality she had guaranteed. All that she was to receive in exchange for these dishonourable favours was an undertaking that Germany aimed at no territorial acquisitions in France! Alsace and Lorraine have proved too hard a nut to crack even after forty years, and Germany was prepared to content herself in the future with laying hands upon the French colonies!

We know not which to admire the more—the frankness or the brutality of this infamous proposal. Sir Edward Grey brushed it aside with the contempt it deserved. He refused to entertain for a moment the suggestion of the Chancellor. "What he asks us in effect," he wrote, "is to engage to stand by while French colonies are taken and France is beaten, so long as Germany does not take French territory, as distinct from colonies. From a national point of view such a proposal is unacceptable, for France, without further territory in Europe taken from her, could be so crushed as to lose her position as a Great Power and become subordinate to German policy. Altogether, apart from that, it would be a disgrace for us to make a bargain with Germany at the expense of France, a disgrace from which the good name of this country would never recover. The Chancellor also in effect asks us to bargain away whatever obligation or interest we have as regards the neutrality of Belgium. We could not entertain that bargain either." These are wise and clear words. Sir Edward Grey repudiated as fiercely as the language of diplomacy would allow him the disgrace wherewith Germany would have stained the good name of England. As well he might. In truth, from this moment war must have seemed inevitable even to his peaceful eyes. But for three days the country was still kept in suspense. The "intellectuals," who should have known better, rose in their impotence and clamoured that there should be no war with the Germans, from whom they had learned the precious lessons of science and philosophy. It is impossible to condemn too severely the manifesto of certain professors who regarded Germany as "a nation leading the way in the arts and sciences," and insisted therefore that we should permit her to set Europe under her heel. In the first place, we repudiate the leadership either in art or science of German pedantry; in the second, we think it would have

been wiser had the archæologists and theologians stuck to their desks, and refrained from attempting to teach the lessons of high policy to our diplomatists. And then Mr Cadbury's newspaper, the friend of Germany unto the eleventh hour, collected the opinions of all those who believed that blood cannot righteously be shed elsewhere than in Ulster, and invited the counsel of the aged and forgotten doctrinaires who still breathe the attenuated air of the sixties. Thus Sir Edward Grey was not only fighting the battle of England's honour. He was asked to subdue those also whose motto is "dishonour with peace." That he carried all the suffrages is a tribute to his tact and firmness. Thenceforth events moved rapidly. On August 2 orders were issued for the general mobilisation of the German Army and Navy. On the same day it was announced that Germany and Russia were in a state of war, and that a German force had entered the Duchy of Luxembourg. Twenty-four hours later the Germans had marched into Belgian territory and demanded the surrender of Liége, with what result we know now as a piece of imperishable history. Sir Edward Grey hesitated no longer, and sent to Sir Edward Goschen that ultimatum which meant war for Great Britain. Let it be quoted as it was written: "We hear that Germany has addressed note to Belgian Minister for Foreign Affairs stating that German Government will be compelled to carry out, if necessary, by force of arms, the measures considered indispensable. We are also informed that Belgian territory has been violated at Gemmenich. In these circumstances, and in view of the fact that Germany declined to give the same assurance respecting Belgium as France gave last week in reply to our request made simultaneously at Berlin and Paris, we must repeat that request, and ask that a satisfactory reply to it and to my telegram of this morning be received here by 12 o'clock to-night. If not, you are instructed to ask for your passports, and to say that His Majesty's Government feel bound to take all steps in their power to uphold the neutrality of Belgium and the observance of a treaty to which Germany is as much a party as ourselves." At last the period of suspense was over. We could hold up our heads once more. We had undertaken to enforce the obligations of honest men, and could think of our friends, France and Russia, and of Belgium, whom we were pledged to protect, without shame and without reproach.

So Germany has gone to war with France and England, with Russia and Belgium, to say nothing of Servia and other Balkan States. Italy remains neutral, on the just ground that the present war is not defensive but aggressive, and that, for this reason, the *casus foederis* under the terms of the Triple Alliance does not arise. And Germany, standing alone but for the aid

of Austria, who is amply held by her own quarrel, enters upon the conflict in a spirit of braggadocio. By the mouth of her Chancellor, Herr von Bethmann Hollweg, she has set forth such a doctrine of aggression as never before was preached by a civilised power. She has put herself above and beyond the rules which govern human conduct. She has taken for her gospel a misreading of Machiavelli, who aimed sedulously at the truth and at good government; she has accepted the fantastic theories of Nietzsche, which are wild in themselves and ridiculous if there be no superman to carry them out. "We are now in a state of necessity," says the Imperial Chancellor, "and necessity knows no law." Never was there a more grotesque perversion of the truth. The sterner the necessity, the sterner should be the law. What has lifted warfare from the level of barbarism to the topmost height of courtesy and chivalry is the pious and constant respect for law. Would, then, the Chancellor poison wells and spread pestilence, because his country finds itself in a state of necessity? There is nothing in his arrogant pronouncement which gives us confidence that he would not give this monstrous counsel.

By a kind of inverted pride, which persuades him that his master and himself can do no wrong, he confesses their crime with a braggart candour. "Our troops have occupied Luxembourg," he boasts, "and are perhaps already on Belgian soil. Gentlemen, that is contrary to the dictates of international law. It is true that the French Government has declared at Brussels that France is willing to respect the neutrality of Belgium so long as her opponent respects it. We know, however, that France stood ready for the invasion. France could wait, but we could not wait. A French movement on our flank upon the lower Rhine might have been disastrous. So we are compelled to override the just protest of the Luxembourg and Belgian Governments. The wrong—I speak openly—that we are committing we will endeavour to make good as soon as our military goal is reached." How Germany will make good the wrong which she confesses she has done we know not. It is a task even beyond her pride to call the dead to life again, and to restore to happiness and prosperity a devastated countryside.

Germany, then, at all costs, means to hack her way through. She respects the laws neither of God nor of nations. She proclaims that henceforth she is a law unto herself, and she must not be surprised if she be treated as *hostis humani generis*. Why she has adopted this attitude it is not easy to understand. The strongest man fights all the better if he has right upon his side, and the German Emperor, by the confession of his Chancellor, goes into battle with the wrong for his nearest and most constant ally. It is perhaps the logical conclusion of a career

given over to vanity. Ever since he parted with Bismarck William II. has lived for and by himself. He has fed upon his own brain; he has been nourished only upon his own thoughts; and perhaps it is not remarkable that he believes himself supreme in the world. Whatever is German he thinks is right because it is German, and he knows and cares nothing about that which is done or said beyond his own borders. Thus it is that he has matched his Empire against the rest of Europe, and not in a good cause. The speech of the Chancellor will not be forgotten. The brutal appeal to the doctrine that Germany's necessity, not the world's, knows no law, will not strengthen the arm nor nerve the courage of a single soldier. We would not for a moment underrate the prowess and the bravery of the German Army. It is possibly the most highly trained instrument that mankind has ever made. But not even the German Army can profitably be asked to hack its way through broken laws and wanton wrongs to the conquest of the world.

And as the German Emperor has chosen the wrong method of provoking a quarrel, so he has chosen the wrong moment. Again the fault is his, for, let it be remembered, the time and the occasion are of his own choice. Why did he select this year, 1914, for his demonstration against Europe? Because he had been told that England was torn by civil strife, that France was the victim of political corruption, that Russia was wholly unprepared. The network of espionage, wherewith he has covered the face of the earth, has served him badly. How should he hope it would serve him well? Spies are notoriously unobservant. They work for a heavy wage and without enthusiasm. They look only upon the surface of things, and they see most easily what their masters wish them to see. A month ago the wandering German, who understood not the character of Great Britain, might have believed her hands infirm, her energies paralysed. The strife of parties had been carried to the very point of civil war. Ireland was divided into two hostile camps. The men of Ulster, fully armed and trained, looked with confidence upon the untrained, unarmed army of the South. So gravely had our Ministers misinterpreted their duty, that not long since some of them had concocted a plot against Ulster, and excluded even the Prime Minister from their deliberations. The Prime Minister, it was generally known, had neither plan nor policy. He drifted aimlessly as a leaf thrown upon a torrent. His political philosophy was summed up in a phrase—"wait and see"—and he exercised discipline with so light a hand that every member of his Cabinet did as he pleased. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, resolved at all costs to rob hen-roosts, was known to be bleeding the country white that he might purchase popularity. Wherever the superficial ob-

server cast an eye he saw only dissension and uncertainty. A noisy party in the land was opposed to all kinds of defence, flouted the army, and denounced the navy for an expensive toy. What wonder, then, if the ignorant man believed that the moment of England's fall had come?

Again, said the wiseacres, no sooner is England at war than her dependencies and her dominions oversea will throw off the yoke. Whatever energy she possess will be needed to keep the peace within the limits of her own Empire. India, they were quite sure, was seething with revolt. South Africa had not yet forgotten the burden of the war. Now was the time for the United States to lay a hasty hand upon Canada. Such were the fairy stories which were told and believed in Germany, and whatever be the end of the war, assuredly the German Emperor will discover that he makes an ill preparation for victory who puts his trust in spies. The truth is that the war worked upon Great Britain and her Empire like a magic spell. In an instant all animosities were at an end. In Great Britain the voices of the politicians were suddenly hushed. We closed our ranks, firm in courage and resolution. Ireland willingly offered her volunteers for the duty of defence. Tory and Radical were of a single mind. At last the voice of the Little Englander was silent. It is fortunate indeed for England's honour that the Radicals are tranquillised by office. Were they in Opposition the most of them would have by this time been preaching a pro-German crusade. Mr Lloyd George would doubtless have been giving the same advice to the Kaiser as he gave to the Boers, on no account to lay down their arms. The loyal support of a strong Opposition is certain, and responsibility has sobered the natural descendants of Charles James Fox. Even the fiercest peace-mongers have rallied to the flag. Some there are whose rallying is, we confess, not easily to be borne. When rhetoricians, mere men of words, such as Messrs Massingham and B. Shaw, who have done their best to render England defenceless, to expose her throat unprotected to the assassin's knife, accept the war as inevitable and consent amiably to take advantage of the services which they have belittled, the decent citizen can hardly restrain his anger. "I must say, too, and publicly," boasts Mr Massingham, "that the reading of the White Paper produced a tremendous revulsion. . . . I could not resist the evidence that we were being forced into war." Why should he say it, publicly or privately? The country is not interested in his death-bed repentance. Were he logical, he would refuse to accept the protection afforded by the ships, which he was sure were unnecessary, and expose himself unarmed to the bullets of the friendly Germans. Mr Shaw is yet more

bland a patron of the defences which he has ridiculed than his friend. "Our immediate business," says this contemner of armaments, "is to fight as hard as we can; for our weight when the settlement comes will depend on the part we shall have played in the conflict." His immediate business, we should have thought, was to hold his tongue. A stern silence would better have become both these gentlemen than the claptrap which they hastened to impart to 'The Daily News.' They believe, we suppose, that they must keep themselves in the public eye at all costs. The necessity is not obvious, and certainly there is no man in England who less deserves to profit than they and their like by the courage and self-sacrifice of the Navy and Army.

For the rest, we cannot congratulate ourselves too strongly upon the closing of the ranks, upon the solidarity of the nation. We are animated all by a spirit of confidence. The appointment of Lord Kitchener to the War Office has marvellously reassured the country. We know now that nothing will be done for a party, that all will be done for the State. High and low have one aim, one ambition. We must make ourselves worthy a high occasion at all hazards. As our trust in Lord Kitchener is perfect, so we do not underrate the magnitude of his task. Other Ministers of War have an instrument ready to their hand. He has to make his army as he goes on. That he will get the 100,000 men that he asks for there can be no doubt. He speaks with authority, and will be answered by obedience. Nor must we forget the debt that we owe to Mr Winston Churchill, whose *cabotinage* in the past has done England many an evil turn. He fell not an inch below his great opportunity. A week before danger seemed imminent, the fleet, mobilised with energy, had left Portsmouth with sealed orders, and has achieved swiftly and silently the splendid work of defence which we all expect of it. And our solidarity goes far beyond the nation. It holds in its silken chain the whole Empire. Everywhere there is the same wish to serve, the same readiness to bring men and money and ships to the common cause. The princes of India—the land which the Germans fondly hoped was on the edge of revolt—have offered themselves freely to their Emperor, to do and to suffer what he bids. It is the same tale of splendid loyalty to tell on all sides. Canada and Australia and New Zealand, Africa, South and East and West, are all part of a united whole. At the first hint of danger we may count upon unanimity in every corner of the world where the British flag is flying. We are, in truth, like a company of friends, who claim the privilege of speaking plainly one to another. We go beyond the facts sometimes in recrimination, but woe betide the man outside who dares to revile a single one of our num-

ber. At the first word of insult we are one and indivisible, and had the German Emperor understood this plain truth he would not have embarked so lightly upon his monstrous adventure.

If the German Emperor mistook the temper of England, he grievously mistook also the temper of France. He forgot the spirit of the *revanche*, which has quickened the Republic for forty-four years, and kept his eye firmly fixed upon Mme. Caillaux. Now, for the Government of France we have not the smallest respect. We have not forgotten, we shall not forget, the unnumbered scandals which have brought disgrace upon the Ministers of the Third Republic. The shame of Rochette, the falsehood of MM. Monis and Caillaux, are still in our minds, and they may be taken as a fair comment upon the basest of all systems —popular government. But what the German Emperor did not remember is that the murder of a dozen Calmettes, the detection in prevaricating of a hundred Ministers like Monis and Caillaux, will not impair for a moment the courage and wisdom of France. That has happened in France which happens in all extreme democracies: the sound and sane part of the country is divorced utterly from the Government. The fact that the men in high office are peculating is an unhappy incident which the ratepayer is asked to support with solid cash. Behind and apart from all that lies a country alive with intelligence and capable of quiet sacrifice. When Marshal Bazaine, on trial for the surrender of Metz, asked the Court what after all there was left, the Duc d'Aumale replied, "There was left the honour of France." And the honour of France is still untarnished, in spite of MM. Monis and Caillaux, a simple truth which the war party in Berlin was hasty enough to overlook.

Worst of all, the Germans misjudged Belgium. They had no scruple in violating her neutrality; they threatened, with the familiar accent of the blackmailer, that if she were not amenable to their wishes they would seize the Congo. Never for a moment did it come to their minds that she would resist. The march through her territory was a necessity which should cause the Germans no delay and the Belgians very little inconvenience. The Belgians have for long lost the warlike character which Cæsar ascribed to them. They did not distinguish themselves at Waterloo, and they have had little opportunity of retrieving the mistakes of the past. So the War Lords of Germany treated them with contempt. They did not trouble to ask their permission before the war was declared, regarding them as an obstacle which might justly be neglected. They forgot Liége; they forgot that their plan of campaign had been publicly advertised for many years; they forgot that the Belgians had gained immeasurably in strength and wealth under the energetic rule of Leopold II., and with the example of King Albert's courage

before their eyes; and forgetting all these things they walked blindly into the pit which their vanity had digged for them.

There is the less excuse for their folly, since the strength of Liége, fortified as it was by Brialmont, was a thing of common knowledge. Some years ago Mr Belloc, in an article which proves how true a prophet he may be who brings a fine intelligence to the understanding of ascertained facts, foresaw every step hitherto taken in the German campaign. Had the Emperor not been befogged by pride he might have made Mr Belloc's knowledge his own. But secure in the opinion that Germany must triumph everywhere and at once, he drove Liége and her forts from his bold mind, and he is paying to-day most bitterly for his carelessness. For one thing, at least, is certain: the German plan of campaign has completely miscarried. The hope of sweeping through Belgium on an unintercepted march to Paris is now dismissed for ever. Whatever the future has in store for us, Europe refuses to fall down in terror at the mere rattling of the Prussian sabre. The superstition of Prussia's invincibility, entertained most devoutly in Berlin, is pricked like a bubble. It is no easier to pierce Belgium than to surprise the watchful forts on the eastern frontier of France. The Prussians, as we know at last, have been more successful in deceiving themselves than in deceiving others. At sea, as on land, they are held in the firm grip of the Allies. The one ship which might have done damage in the Mediterranean has been sold to the Turkish Government—not a very gallant adventure, when we remember the boastful language which has been used of late by William II. For the rest, we are masters still of the North Sea and the Atlantic. And what is of the worst omen for Prussia, every day brings the vast Russian host of many millions nearer and nearer to Berlin.

It is rash to predict the end of a war. We may say without boastfulness and without any risk to our good fortune, that the Germans have hitherto achieved no jot of their ambition. "Well begun is half done," says the Germans' own proverb, and it is difficult to believe that any war would march easily to a triumphant conclusion that was preceded by so pitiful a piece of diplomacy as Germany has revealed. She made nothing ready. She knew no more of England's intention than of Belgium's energy to defend her borders. The statesmen who direct her councils did not attempt to make the way plain for the vast army which they have thrust into Belgium. So sure were they of the power of Germany's sword that they were content to leave everything to chance in the realm of diplomacy. They boasted of their organisation and their discipline, forgetting that organisation, if carried too far, may become mechanical, and that

discipline itself may tire as well as train. The issue, then, is plain—the allies are fighting for the right to live in comfort and freedom. They are fighting to be rid of a military autocracy, which too long has bullied Europe. Above all, they are fighting for genius and intelligence against the ascendancy of the efficient second-rate. That the Germans are efficient none will deny. They have mastered the apparatus of life as few races have ever mastered it. With the help of the drill-sergeant they have reduced the citizens of their great Empire to the level of uniform automata. They have shown us no genius in art or letters. The great novelists and poets of France and Russia and England could never be of their kin. And since it is the things of the mind which will rule the world again, when peace descends upon us with outstretched wings, we can only pray devoutly for the victory of the Allies. No worse disaster could impede the enlightenment of Europe than a Germanised France.

And now that war is upon us, the unreality of politics is made plain. We understand in a moment how futile a place is the House of Commons, how useless is the rhetoric that is poured forth daily in that haunt of strife and dulness. The idle sport of buying votes with somebody else's money seems already a nightmare of the past. The adventure upon which we are embarked is at any rate the adventure of a man. It has a man's purpose and a man's risk. It does not admit the trickery and the evasions which are the daily bread of politics. If we are not now honest to ourselves and to one another, then assuredly will ruin overtake us. A brief month ago we were listening, in irritation truly, to Mr Birrell. To-day Mr Birrell has passed from the realm of known and sensible things. Is it possible then that, having been purified by fire, we shall ever return to the shifts and falsehoods of popular government? When the moment of stress comes upon us democracy vanishes instantly from the sight of man. The world is silent of its shallow pretences, its pompous humbug; and if only the war teaches us that each man must lean upon himself for support and not upon an interested Government, if it persuade us to become once more a nation not of placemen and pensioners, but of free citizens, if it make an instant reality, as assuredly it will, of Lord Roberts' dream of National Service, the vain and cynical autocracy of the War Lords of Germany will not have been exercised in vain.

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